

THE
RAPE
OF THE
FARO-BANK:
AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM,
In Eight Cantos.

Quinci imparate voi,
O ciechi, e troppo teneri mortali
I sinceri diletти, e i veri mali.
"Non è fana ogni Gioia
"Nè mal cio che v'annoia."

PAST. FID.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

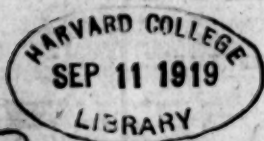
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DEDICATION.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUTCHESS OF YORK.

MADAM,

SINCE our Fondness for Productions, even of Mediocrity, which are our own, is so natural, as to be thought often excusable, I hope I shall not commit an unpardonable Crime, if, in Order to secure the good Reception of this trifling Poem, I take the Liberty of affixing thereto your illustrious Name.

It is not for me to presume to follow the ordinary Practice of Dedicators, in measuring by the unequal Scale of Language, your Beauty, Generosity, and Beneficence;

all these speak for themselves, and that in a Manner, no Language can keep Pace with.— To mention your Fame cannot be even necessary, since all know, that unto Fame your Name is the most honoured Passport.

Offering therefore (in a Manner the most simple) this Trifle to your Notice, as a Mark rather of the profound Veneration of the humblest of your Admirers, than from a Hope of its being honored with your Commendation, permit me to avow, that it is less my Ambition to be esteemed a Poet, than to be thought,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

I DO not know but that some Parts of the annexed little Piece may require Apology. I speak to those Parts in particular, which seem to outstep the Bounds of Nature, by an Imagery rather extravagant. Should such be in Reality the Case, my Plea will be, that I have taken no Liberties, which have not been anticipated by the Poets, whose Works are deemed the Standards of true Taste, and the Glory of the Ages which produced them.

Boileau, in his Art of Poetry, which by the Learned is thought the best extant, has said, that an Heroic Poem, to be truly excellent, ought to be charged with little Matter, which it is the Business of Invention to support and extend. How can it be supported but by fanciful Imagery? how extended, but
by

by bold Invention? That the Ideas of Boileau presented no very narrow Limits, the following Lines of his, translated by Sir W. Soame, sufficiently testify.

“ ’Tis not that Christian Poems ought to be
“ Fill’d with the Fictions of Idolatry;
“ But in a common Subject to reject
“ The Gods, and heathen Ornaments neglect,
“ Is with vain Scruples to disturb your Mind,
“ And search Perfection you can never find.”

The poetic Licence allowed by the Critics of our Day, may probably be more confined in its Bounds. Should it so prove, I very willingly submit this little Poem to Criticism; being a young Author, more desirous of receiving Hints for future Improvement, than of encouraging vain Ideas of present Perfection.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

THE Dress of Amanda, Priestess of Faro, and her Preparation for the Game of Faro.

CANTO II.

The assembling of the Hosts, and the Game of Faro.

CANTO III.

Fame incites Themis, the avowed Foe of Faro against the Hosts—Debates which followed in the Hosts, on the Threats of Themis.

CANTO IV.

Themis enraged against the Hosts which had bid Defiance to the Authority, rouses her Myrmidons against them. The Force of the Myrmidons.

CANTO

CANTO V.

Themis in order effectually to humble the Arrogance of the Tribe of Faro, implores the Assistance of the Gods in her Support. The Debate which followed in the Council of the Celestials, on the Prayer of Themis being heard.

CANTO VI.

Fame alarming the Hosts on the threatened Danger; they rise in Defiance—Account of the principal Leaders, and the Number of the Hosts,

CANTO VII.

The Celestials having determined to overthrow Faro, in Revenge of Themis—A Vision is sent to Amanda, as Priestess of Faro, to warn her to forego such Pursuits, and in Case of her Refusal, threatening the Removal of the Means of her Support of them,

CANTO VIII.

The Priestess terrified at the Vision goes to a Fortune-teller for its Explanation—The Speech of the Fortune-teller—Amanda's Resolution to support Faro, and the final Loss of her Bank.

THE
RAPE OF THE FARO BANK,

Ec. Ec.

CANTO THE FIRST.

SUNS following Suns, have now perform'd their Round,
And Moons on Moons, th' ethereal Expanse crown'd
Since Consternation seiz'd proud Faro's Host,
And first the Bank, the fatal Bank was lost.
So will'd the Fates, dire Ministers of Jove!
Who Storms and Strife, and Revolutions move.
But why they will'd it, why their Wrath they shot,
On Faro's Circle, and its Priests' smote;
Why spite of Iron Bars, resisting Force,
Was made that Rape of num'rous Woes the Source;
Peers, Bishops, Wits, with all the Courtly Train,
Have strove to find, and long have strove in vain.

B

Shall

Shall I then now, the fruitless Search to end,
This much wish'd Knowledge, to the World extend?
I, of none fam'd for Necromancy born,
And whom no new, no magic Lights adorn?
But when the Chiefs of Agamemnon's Host,
Struck with Dismay, to see their Heroes lost,
In vain explor'd the dreadful Cause which bore,
Such Mischiefs mid them on Scamander's Shore,
Mov'd by Apollo, humble Chalcas rose,
And told the Cause of all the Dardan Woes.
On this Foundation rests my little Boast;
Not quite to Phœbus' Inspiration lost,
I sing beneath what secret Hands control,
Those Ills where scatter'd, where Thames' Waters roll,
Ills, which so hard on Faro's Vot'ries fell,
But ah! far hardest on their fairest Belle.

Bright blushing Red deep dy'd the Western Sky,
And Ev'ning's Shadows hasten'd from on high;
Now Nymphs sum'd up the Conquests of the Day,
Now brilliant Chariots swept from Parks the Way,
Fam'd London's Walls with the loud Clamours rung,
And Beaus, Lords, Beauties, thro' the Concourse sprung.
When 'fore the Foremost, with a sudden Bound,
A splendid Carriage darted o'er the Ground.

By

By Arms distinguish'd, swift is roll'd along,
Eclipsing far, the gayest of the Throng.
So when mid Stars in glitt'ring Myriads spread,
Some flaming Meteor shews its fiery Head;
A mark of Wonder, to the mortal Eye,
It drives conspicuous thro' the Spheres on high.
Not less conspicuous thro' the dazzling Rings,
The Chariot onward swift as Lightning springs.
Bold as it flies the distant Streets resound,
The hollow Structures tremble all around.
Nor stay'd its Course, 'till in that Square it shone,
Which by a Court's exalted Name is known,
'Till on that Spot, where Faro's Fane ascends,
His giddy Course the Chari'teer suspends.
Then from the shining Vehicle swift shot,
A Belle, who all with wond'rous Rapture smote,
Her blooming Form with ev'ry Grace was blest,
And Faro's Priestess in her flood confest.
Quick opes the Fane as her Approach she shews,
Across the Halls with hasty Step she goes,
'Till by her Toilet with a wearied Air,
And heavy Sigh, she sinks upon her Chair.
Her vivid Eyes, o'er Pins, Puffs, Patches play,
Her Thoughts revolve the Visions of the Day.

First roams her Fancy where in boastful Pride,
Fair Nymphs enchant the Circus gay of Hyde.
Pursues the Beaus most radiant of the Train,
And marks the Dresses of the fair and vain.
Thence swift her Thought o'er bright St. James's roves,
O'er Monarchs glories, and o'er Princes loves;
O'er great Men's Tastes, and rich Men's Liveries,
O'er Titles, Figure, Teeth, Lips, Mouths and Eyes.
Now free as Air, and scorning narrower Bounds,
Her light Ideas course the World around,
Now sudden stop, as some unthinking Swain
His Way pursuing blithely o'er the Plain,
Stops, when rememb'ring something left behind,
Back he is forc'd, with two-fold Haste to Wind.
So doubly quick the Fair her Thoughts recalls,
Now Faro binds them to her own gay Walls,
For now the Hours, th' appointed Hours draw nigh,
The Hofts already swim before her Eye.
Fir'd by the View she hastens to prepare
Her Dress, her Figure, quite engross her Care;
But first attentive to exalt the Face,
She marks the Image shining in the Glass;
A Moment muses on its former Sway,
And sums the Praises of each signal Day.
Instant her Heart for Charms still brighter beat,
She rose—to prove the Sun of Grace unset,

Advanc'd

Advanc'd in heav'nly Smiles in Frowns sunk back,
And strove each Feature's Influence to awake,
Then manag'd all the Motions of the Eye,
And caught the Art to conquer with a Sigh.

O thoughtless Fair! why thus the Moments seize,
To heighten Beauties which but too much please?
Why arm the Face, and o'er the Mirror bend,
To lead the Captive, not to make the Friend?
If Teeth well polish'd, and if Rouge well laid,
Cou'd Cares repress whenever they invade,
No wonder we those dazzling Forms behold,
Refin'd by Arts unthought of, and untold.
But the fell Sisters equal Fates intwine,
For vulgar Features, and for those divine.

Now on her Cheek a foster Bloom was thrown,
Her sparkling Eyes with Rays diviner shone;
Superior Beauty rising in its Charms,
Calls all his priz'd Auxiliars to Arms:
Loud rings the Bell—a ready Train advance,
Her Handmaids wait obedient to her Glance;
To dress her round gay Vestments they unfold,
Adorn'd with Colours, and enrich'd with Gold;
As when fair Flora Charmer of the Plain,
Shines on the Meads inviting round her Train;

Her

Her Train, the joyful Shepherdesses bring,
 To deck their Goddess the best Gifts of Spring.
 But here the View far distant Climes adorn,
 And all the Treasures of the World are born;
 In radiant Hues, in glorious Shine they rise,
 And to the Beauty offer their Supplies.
 So when Aurora to delight our Spheres,
 Her beauteous Head in lustrous Glory rears;
 The Lands around their richest Scenes disclose,
 Its fairest Pride enchanting Nubia shews;
 Their Off'ring bright sweet Tempe's Vales display,
 And all the Regions in the Shine of Day.
 From the gay View she culls her Robes of Green,
 Or deck'd in Yellow, or in Red is seen;
 Or in the White of Egypt's Orange Groves,
 Appears more dazzling than the Georgian Loves,
 Charm'd with the Sight the Youths their Homage pay,
 And dance delighted as she sheds her Ray.
 But ere the Priestess her bright Dress assumes,
 Ere she puts on the Colours and the Plumes,
 Fond in her Thoughts past Glory to renew,
 She calmly sits confid'rate of the View.
 So some young Hero whom bright Glory warms,
 Gazes enraptur'd on his polish'd Arms,
 So howe'er warm to wield the gleaming Sword,
 Ere yet he rushes to the War ador'd;

He

He thinks a Moment on the Fields well fought,
And tells of Praise by savage Slaughter bought;
Of long Applauses could the Fair too tell,
And talk of former Triumphs just as well.
Lo, on her Left, she sees a Necklace glow,
By which she brought a famous Gen'ral low.
When after Conquests, without Number past,
He, though so mighty, was o'ercome at last.
Safe from the Siege, the Bayonet, and the Ball,
Yet doom'd the Victim of a Face to fall:
Sad Fate of Life! so fickle is the Wreath,
Safety at last is but secur'd by Death.

Ye boast your Fortunes who have left behind,
The Plague, the Battle, and the wrecking Wind;
While here ye Dangers, more than equal dare,
Warring with Eyes, and arming 'gainst the Fair.
In vain ye say, ye on such Foes gain Ground,
Such Foes like Parthians, can tho' flying, wound.

Upon her Right, appear'd a Silk she wore,
Ah, forc'd through bright, that Glory to deplore!
When two great Nobles, fiery Rivals, strove,
By bold Contention, to secure her Love.
The furious Youths, at length the Sword embrac'd,
And left a Tale, on Hyde Park's Circus trac'd.

Hyde

Hyde Park, so famous, for it's Heroes slain,
Unhappy Victims to Love's fatal Pain.
Perhaps gay from Revels, such their wretched Doom!
Precipitated to an early Tomb.
Their weeping Parents left them to deplore,
Their mournful Mistress idoliz'd no more.
Such Conflicts sad can tender Looks inspire,
And Eyes of Softness urge such Deeds of Ire.

A Box in Front, a Snow-white Plume contain'd,
Though now scarce seen, that Ornament remain'd:
The same her grac'd, in ** lovely Grove,
Enchanting Seat of Innocence and Love,
When yet unknown to Praise, yet young in Bloom,
She first of all struck the delighted Room.
There like a Comet shining on her Head,
A soft Infection through the Ring it spread.
The Buz of Beaus, which in the Circle vy'd,
The sad Man's Stupor, and the vain Man's Pride,
The Courtier's Softness, and the Soldier's Fire,
Were lost in one Ambition to admire.
The Scene of Glory, rising into View,
She seems to see the flatt'ring Day anew,
To see the Trains with humble Mien advance,
And high-born Nobles vying for a Glance.

'Till

'Till near the Plume a Locket caught her Sight,
The Witness of a later Scene as Bright.
When her blest Figure at a Court-Ball shone,
And Royal Princes were her Captives known,
The Fate of Numbers on that Period lay,
And envious Rivals still detest the Day.
Such happy Fortune had her Star in Store,
Such magic Sway in every Ring she bore.

But now fatigu'd through tedious Maze to trace,
The former Honours of her charming Face;
Again she burns to dazzle in the Ring,
And hear the Beaus her matchless Praises sing.
Instant the glitt'ring Vestments she assumes,
High on her Head advances the White Plumes;
Bright at her Ears the Drops of Diamonds glow,
The Spangles round their vivid Lustre shew.
Her Neck is with the Golden Necklace drest,
Her Form enfolded by the richest Vest;
Unto her Face the Patches are apply'd,
And the Repeater sparkles by her Side;
The rich Repeater form'd of purest Gold,
Whose strange Adventures ne'er before were told.
First, it an Inca's Daughter's Treasure shone,
Worn in the Worship of the radiant Sun,

C

When

When a bold Spaniard snatch'd the Prize away,
The shameful Booty of a plund'ring Day:
Unto his native Land the Spoil he bore,
To form huge Buckles, which his Mistress wore.
'Twas then an English Beau her Heart obtain'd,
And as Love's Pledge, the valu'd Baubles gain'd;
Vowing to keep them long as Life endur'd,
Under Three Locks the Present he secur'd.
But Love again found Means the Gift to move,
For what yields not to all-subduing Love.
A Passion new the former dispossest'd,
And ancient Vows no longer bound his Breast,
When to amuse the mercenary Dame,
He brought these Trophies to the Light again.
The Nymph ambitious of more current Gold,
Unto a Smith the rich Possession sold:
Who with them form'd this brilliant Watch to grace,
The first in Honours, and the first in Face.

O ye, who rush thro' Tempest, War, and Flame,
Thro' Seas and Desarts, for the Breath of Fame:
Ye smile with Wonder, that a Belle to shine,
Should thus at Toilets yield her choicest Time:
Ah rather wonder, ye to shine so, yield
The sweet Enjoyment of your native Field,

Domestic

Domestic Rapture which o'er all Things charms,
And Love's dear Pledges in their Mother's Arms.

Now drefs'd throughout in all Earth's precious Spoils,
Bright shines the Fair, and end the weighty Toils,
Compos'd her Air, and solemniz'd her Mien,
She sits all ready for the serious Scene,
'Mid Faro's Host to act her wonted Part,
But Thoughts of Conquest play around her Heart;
She sees in Fancy suppliant Crowds appear,
And Sighs on Sighs hears sounding in her Ear,
Beaus, Raptures, Triumphs all her Mind employ,
Long lasting Blifs, and endless Victory.

O far too sanguine of the dazzling Day,
Think, think how soon all mortal Joys decay.
As when some Trifler 'mid an infant Train,
Rears Paper Castles on the glossy Plain:
One Card well plac'd, the little Builder smiles,
And sees in Thought the crowning of his Toils,
Another, lo! behold the Turrets rise,
Height upon Height, he brightens his glad Eyes;
Extends his Hands, just tops the charming Play,
When one rude Blast puffs all his Hopes away.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

CANTO THE SECOND.

WHY takes the mounting Chari'teer the Rein?
Why paw the Courfers on the founding Plain?
Their gaudy Trappings hanging on each Side!
Why glisten forth the brightest Charms of Pride?
Why puts on Beauty all it's dazzling Bloom?
Adjusting round the Products of the Loom,
Not great CHARLOTTA bids her Trains attend,
Not summon now, the Ball-nights of her Friend;
Nor Shows, nor Auctions, the vast Throng invite,
Nor Parks array'd in Yellow, Green and White.
For lo, the Planets shew their Heads on high,
All Earth in Shade, illumin'd all the Sky.
But the fam'd Host now splendid Faro calls,
Unceasing Clamours thunder 'long the Walls;
Swift driving Cars spread horrible Alarms,
And Streets the widest scarce contain the Swarms.
Beneath the Tumult shakes the trembling Ground,
Above the Clouds with echoing Din resound,
St. James's round such loud Confusion spreads,
But through it's Square still fiercer Discord treads.

There,

There fearful Cries, and fainting Shrieks arise,
There horrid Oaths invoke the troubled Skies,
'Till past from Cloud to Cloud, the Noise far distant dies. }
There in the Front, Steeds, Lights and Men appear,
Pages and Chariots fill the struggling Rear.
With stalking Dangers ev'ry Turn is ply'd,
And Belles, Lords, Courtiers swell the sweeping Tide.
Not Cairo's Gates to greater Crowds unfold,
When hung around with Ornaments of Gold,
Grand Pachas come old Nilus' Praise to sing,
And all the Pomp of Eastern Cities bring.
Nor yet when Cannon, Trumpet, Bell and Horn,
Proclaim the Day immortal GEORGE was born,
Are thicker Throngs of mingling Orders seen,
Infuriate driving to the courtly Scene.
Commotual prest, as raging Waves that roar,
A sudden Storm, or thick as Hailstones pour;
When rattling on the Pavements from above,
They shew the Anger of almighty Jove.
Nor cease the Tumults o'er the Streets to bound,
Nor cease the Streets with loud Alarms to sound,
'Till his Head tossing with a proud Disdain,
Still stands the Courser at the destin'd Fane.
Then from each Chariot the fair Forms descend,
And to the Dome with measur'd Steps ascend.

For

For there a Scene of Splendour dazzling bright,
Beam'd its Refulgence on the ravish'd Sight.
The Wealth of Mines a sumptuous Pomp supply'd,
And hanging Lustres heighten'd the gay Pride.
Bright were the Charms by sparkling Beauties shone,
And daring Glances by bold Beaus were thrown;
Those cruel slay, and count their Heroes slain,
Yet these tho' vanquish'd, scorn to fall in vain.

Not with more Glory 'mid the Spheres on high,
Shines charming bright the Venus of the Sky,
Than 'mid the Hosts, the glitt'ring Hosts of Fame,
The Priestests sparkled; like some vivid Flame,
Her lustrous Look a Glow resplendent spread,
The waving Feather nodding on her Head,
Bedeck'd with Gems, a dazzling Ray supplies,
Not half so dazzling as her lively Eyes:
Fair Belles around exhibit Charms divine,
Yet far most fair her lovely Beauties shine.
As when Cytherea to her first of Isles,
On her blest Day invites the Nymphs with Smiles;
The joyous Nymphs their highest Pride unfold,
And come adorn'd with Crimson, Green and Gold.
They seem the Offspring of some brighter Ball,
But she, bright Venus, she outshines them all.

Then

Then where the Levant washes Cyprus' Side,
Delightful Paphos brings it's blooming Pride;
Still she the fairest 'mid the Fair appears,
With softer Grace her Angel-form she rears,
She looks more gay, more elegant she moves,
In her sweet self concent'ring all the Loves.
With such bright Air, with such superiour Bloom,
The glowing Priestess charm'd the gazing Room.
In her right Hand her blazing Fan she rais'd,
Like Jove's arch'd Sign irradiant it blaz'd;
High as it glistens, it's mixt Hues declare,
The costly Work, and gay it waves in Air.
Here on it's Ground the rural Swains advance,
And lead their Damsels to the jocund Dance:
There in blithe Circles they pursue their Play,
Or wanton sportive on the new-made Hay:
But in a Shade of twining Flow'rs is seen,
The soft-ey'd Beauty of the rural Scene.
Nor will she join the Pleasures of the Ring,
Nor hear the Youths of ardent Passions sing.
From all retire, but Love's blind God who lays
Low at her Feet his Quiver and thus says,
"Take thou these Badges, my fix'd Right before,
"For me I bend the nerveless Bow no more;
"Since that fair Face has such superiour Sway,
"And that alone the love-sick Tribes obey."

The

The Nymph smiles sweetly on the gentle Boy,
And bids him still his native Reign enjoy ;
He in Return asks her to point the Dart,
And rule the Master of the am'rous Art.

So glows the brilliant Fan, and as it glows,
Each rising Fancy of the Fair it shows ;
Hence while Admirers speak around her Praise,
With Eyes attentive at the Toy they gaze.
Hence in their Worship regulate their Fire,
And as it moves, press forward, or retire.
Slow does it wave, th' aspiring Trains advance,
And round and round a close Attendance dance ;
But does it crack, all feel immediate Dread,
And to a Distance instantly recede.
But now the Toy no certain Motion knows,
The soft'ning Fair a kind Attention shows ;
With higher Hopes their Ardour now is crown'd,
And ten Times livelier they besiege her round.
So when her Face the lovely Cynthia shows,
And thro' the Sky with Smiles enchanting glows,
The far fam'd Arabs burn with new Delight,
The ancient Coptis welcome the bless'd Light.
So as Heav'ns Arch her Silver shine unfolds,
And our low Earth her friendly Look beholds,

Caffaria's

Caffaria's Sons with Joy exalted gaze,
And come forth painted to pronounce her Praise;
Thro' all the Night their Homage round they pay,
And quit her, sighing, at the Break of Day.
Thus round the Priestests, Beaus their Honours sing,
And thus adore her in the magic Ring.

Now thro' the Room the well-dress'd Crowd increas'd,
And Belles and Beaus promiscuously press'd;
Where stood the Altar of eternal Fame,
And to the Rites the countless Numbers came.
When boldly step before the glitt'ring Host,
The bright Sir Airy, ev'ry Circle's boast;
His ardent Face a fiery Blush o'erspread,
The curling Tresses wav'd around his Head;
A Vest cerulean from his Shoulders hung,
And all his Dress a pleasing Lustre flung;
Upon his Hands two Rings of Diamonds shone,
The boasted Trophies of soft Conquests won;
Conquests hid better in the conscious Grove,
Than publish'd by such glaring Signs of Love.
He stepping forwards with an Air of Pride,
All the gay Trains, the gather'd Trains defy'd:
But chief was his Ambition to engage,
At Faro's Rites, the brightest of her Age;

D

Nor

Nor did the charming Priestess less delight,
So to encounter the heroic Knight.

The Beau a *Livret* in his Hand now takes
The fatal Cards the wary Priestess shakes;
Next from his *Suite* the chosen Card he drew,
And the stak'd *Couche* upon another threw.
Ten splendid Pieces of the richest Ore,
Plac'd in a Pile, compos'd the ventur'd Store.
All now prepar'd, the Priestess hastes to deal,
And in their Turns the Cards presenting tell:
Th' assistant Priestess viewing ev'ry *Coup*,
That from her Hand the beauteous *Tailleur* threw.
The first Events the Knight's bold Hopes confound,
Thrice mighty Faro dash'd them to the Ground;
Thrice from before him vanish'd the pil'd Gold,
Yet the fourth Stake he with new Spirit told.
Another Card quick from his *Livret* took,
Another Pack the *Croupier* ready shook:
Then down again his Choice the Hero flung,
And on the coming *Coup* attentive hung;
When to his View a welcome Sight appears,
His Card victorious, the wish'd Triumph bears.
The partial Fortune all his Courage fires,
To win *Paroli* boldly he aspires:

Nor

Nor could he the so flatt'ring Thought discard,
'Till having bent a Corner of his Card;
His eager Hopes the dazzling Prize obtain,
And but to raise new Projects still more vain.
For lo! again the pliant Card he bends,
Again upon uncertain Chance depends;
Yet Luck again th' aspiring With supplies,
And a *Sept et le va* flames before his Eyes.

Success, the Warriour to great Deeds inspires,
Success, the Lover with fresh Ardour fires;
The same Success spurs on the flighty Beau,
With bolder Courage, and new Hope to glow.

For now confiding wholly in his Art,
To high *Quinze et le va* swells his beating heart;
Instant the third Incurvature he makes,
The Card selected from his *Livret* takes;
The destin'd Card by which he seeks the Prize,
Dealt on the left of the fair Priestess lies.
The winning *Ponte* extends his Hands on high,
And to his Voice the lofty Domes reply.
Mean while by former Conquests made quite vain,
He scorns all Caution with a proud Disdain;
And curving the last Angle of his Card,
In thought successful for *Trente et le va* warr'd.

But Fortune lays exalted Views in Duff,
And bends at Will, the Bride of mortal Trust;
She loves to sport with Man's Inconstancy,
Too low, successless; the reverse, too high.

Mean Time the Priests' changeful Thoughts devour,
Now bright'ning up, obscuring now the Hour;
As when thro' Aries, Sol his Journey bends,
And partial Gleams o'er the bright Orb extends,
A varying Visage wears the changing Day,
Thick Clouds now darken, now gay Sun-beams play:
So Hope and Fear in quick Succession roll,
And flow alternate on her wav'ring Soul.
When seeing ev'ry earthly Art was vain,
The long disputed Vict'ry to obtain;
She pray'd unto the Ruler of the Host;
" O thou all pow'rful, whate'er Name please most,
" Or Chance, or Luck, or Faro, Heav'n or Fate;
" Hear my Request, and pity my sad State;
" May still the Triumph on my Side be found,
" And the Pont's Hopes all tumbled to the Ground."
Thus as she secret pray'd and dealt the *Coup*,
Thrice happy Sight! a *Doublet* met her View:
The giddy Beau now sees his Fortune bow,
And trembles at the unexpected Blow;

Yet

Yet tho' the late gain'd *Quinze et le va* retires,
He, to retrieve the sudden Loss aspires.
And now both Hearts with equal Hopes were strung,
And on the next Event 'like anxious hung;
When in a Moment leapt the Chance to Sight,
Completely fatal to the hapless Knight:
The Fair with Joy the Change of Fortune spies,
And the proud Mansion echoes with her Cries.

But lo, the Table is with Viands spread,
The sparkling Sideboards a rich Lustre shed:
In num'rous Tints the savoury Feast is dy'd,
And ev'ry Palate gen'rously supply'd.
Here Ocean's Offspring smokes upon the Boards,
There Air, its wing'd Inhabitants affords;
The distant Quarters of the Earth are seen,
To give their Produce to the festive Scene;
And now bright Wit its social Charm supplies,
Gay Jests, Bon Mots and Repartees arise;
Now Fates are doom'd, now Characters are try'd,
Well pleas'd to praise, but better to deride;
They crown with Wit, the Face's boundless Sway,
All shine in turn—Amanda leads the Way.

O happy

O happy Ignorance of future Doom,
Soon tho' so gay in Pleasure and in Bloom ;
Soon each bright Charm, each Rapture to deplore,
And turn the Thoughts to Faro's Joys no more.

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.

CANTO THE THIRD.

FOR not all Beauty's soft bewitching Pow'r,
Can charm the Dangers of the coming Hour,
When matchless lovely, and divinely drest,
First at the Ball, and fairest at the Feast,
Reflecting Mirrors prove how bright thou art,
Say, are their Raptures lasting to thy Heart?
When praising Circles Life's Allegiance swear,
Say, are they Proof against the future Care?

Ye vent'rous Crew who deaf to Danger dream
Your Lives away on Pleasure's stormy Stream;
Tho' in a Calm ye now securely glide,
Still let your Pilot at the Helm preside.
Ten thousand Perils ye will yet deplore,
'Ere ye are landed on a tranquil Shore;
Not more the Wretch who up some River's Course,
Rows his frail Bark against the Torrent's Force;
One Instant does he cease to use the Oar,
Headlong he goes, nor 'tempts the Passage more:

So

So all with Danger Pleasure's Current dare,
But chiefly thou, oh charming Nymph, beware;
New Foes 'gainst thee denouncing Ill combine,
And other Perils are but flight to thine:

For lo! that Fiend now comes terrific forth,
Fame, dreadful Plague of East, West, North, and South;
In frantic Rage she thunders o'er the Ground,
And mad for Mischief scours the World around.
Scarce had the Morning its bright Glory shed,
Where far Arabia's peaceful Vales are spread;
When loud she bellow'd 'long the flow'ry Way,
To strike the Shepherd with a dire Dismay.
She fill'd his Ears with Tales of Beasts that tore
His feeding Flocks, and dy'd the Plains with Gore.
He sudden rising has no sooner found
The Story false, than she with frightful Sound,
O'er Russia's Towns, with Stride gigantic treads,
And scatters Rumours o'er the People's Heads,
Of Navies swallow'd by the raging Main,
Or ruin'd Troops left breathless on the Plain;
Th' affrighted Crowds conceive unusual Fears,
But she alert in Turkey's Land appears;
There she reports that Provinces rebel,
And mighty Pow'rs the lawless Armies swell;

All

All run to ask—the Goblin says no more,
Her Wings now clapping on Italia's Shore.
Why in Genoa does that Rage appear?
Why shew Venetian Nobles such strong Fear?
Her Voice their Souls with various Horrors shakes,
And now her Way to London's Towers she takes:
But lo, she stops, what means that strange Delay?
What stays the Fury in her middle Way?
What but the Glory of York's flaming Star,
Which charms the Syren with all Earth at War;
Struck with its Beam, as one who o'er some Waste,
Pursues his Journey with unceasing Haste,
When suddenly he sees some Meteor's Ray,
Flash Fire around, and shoot across his Way;
He starts, he stands, he views the bursting Blaze,
And as he views, is lost in wild amaze.
So Fame stands wond'ring at the Ray he throws,
As flaming forth the ducal Hero glows.
Commanding Charms his Godlike Face adorn,
Around his Person native Grace is worn;
His gen'rous Heart the noblest Views infold,
He rules o'er Armies, yet he laughs at Gold:
Like Phœbus comes he mounted on his Car,
To give Applause, the People meet from far;
The hardy Britons bless him as he goes,
And best lov'd, and most admir'd he glows;

E

Or

Or does he lead his Phalanx bold in Arms,
The trembling Foes are fill'd with new Alarms;
His matchless Deeds long Tales of Glory yield,
A God he marches o'er the shouting Field.

Now while Fame stood admiring him thus grac'd,
Her Eyes o'er all surrounding Space she cast:
Below old Thames in rolling Currents play'd,
Proud of the City on his Banks display'd;
'Mid which in Triumph Faro's Host were seen,
Conspicuous Objects of the busy Scene!
Her Look well pleas'd, the Syren thither turns,
Instant her Mind for wonted Mischief burns,
Loud clap her Wings, and 'thwart the Realms above,
She sudden shoots, swift as the Bolts of Jove
Are wing'd terrific, when vain Men displease,
To strew in Ruin lofty Palaces;
Or strike triumphal Arches to the Ground,
So swift-flies Fame to pow'rful Themis bound.

High o'er the Mountain's elevated Brow,
And all the Cloud-capt Monuments below,
Great Themis sits, bright Clouds her Head inwreath,
Her Eyes attentive to the Worlds beneath;
With gen'rous Care the num'rous Sorrows scan,
Of all the Race of Woe-enduring Man.

As

As she ordains, the Nations round obey,
 Who toil on Earth, or course the war'ry Way.
 She, as so mighty on her Throne she fate,
 Regarded Faro with eternal Hate;
 Forbidding it, by her exprefs Command,
 In ev'ry City, and in ev'ry Land:
 All this well knew the spiteful Goblin, Fame,
 And having wrought, thus spoke the ruling Dame.

O thou who hold'st the spacious Earth in Sway,
 Who 'mid the Nations thee shall disobey?
 In Plains where Colram and where Pollear glide,
 To worship thee is all the Native's Pride;
 The holy Parrees round thy Altar bow,
 And they who live beneath high Atlas' Brow;
 Who Afric's Fields, who Asia's Towns behold,
 Who place their Bliss in Poverty or Gold.
 All unto thee eternal Praises raise,
 All in their Anthems celebrate thy Praise;
 All, all but they who in proud London are,
 London, so fam'd for Heroes and for Fair:
 There Faro's Hosts against thy Pow'r combine,
 And thou art hated by each noble Line.
 See, thro' each Street the daring Rebels flame,
 See, Day and Night their shameful Acts proclaim;

Unceasing Insults against thee arise,
And thy Dishonour echoes thro' the Skies.
Her artful Words the crafty Fiend scarce ends,
Ere heav'nly Themis in her Hands suspends;
The wond'rous Balance which decides the Fate
Of all below, and weighs the mortal State:
One Scale the Sum of her Commands contains,
And one the Actions of the doubted Trains;
Down with its Mass the former sudden bends,
The latter upwards, light as Air ascends.
Found sadly wanting of the proper Weight,
To poise the Balance on a level Height:
Then burst her Wrath o'er the transgressing Walls,
And thus unto th' offending Tribes she calls.

Ye Friends of Faro, ye bold Hosts attend,
And to my Words in low Obedience bend;
For know, know all of the terrestrial State,
That this same Word I now pronounce is Fate:
Who henceforth enters your detested Fane,
Who bows to Faro and the Rites again,
Beneath my Wrath, that desp'rate Mortal thrown,
The Deed forbidden all his Life shall moan:
A wretched Victim to the Vengeance hurl'd!
A sad Example to the nether World!

What

What savage Fury, what mad Rage has driv'n
You thus to brave the Delegate of Heaven?
But now let Feuds with their Remembrance cease,
Let your Obedience seal the Bond of Peace.
Or brave me, brave me, try my tempted Pow'r,
League all your Forces for the daring Hour;
Let high, and rich, and fair, and witty join,
Let Stars, and Strings, and Mitres, all combine.
Then add your Princes to the potent Host,
If I but speak, all are together lost.
Once Paris labour'd to support such Train,
Once Venice try'd it, but both strove in vain;
Like Dust I swept their weak Attempts away,
Consider this, and dare to disobey.

Great Themis said a silent Horror ran,
A Fear excessive thro' the conscious Fane;
Where sat Amanda gay in Beauty's Pride,
And Belles and Nobles glitter'd by her Side:
Fill'd with Surprise, they hear the Threat loud roll,
And grievous Dread falls heavy on each Soul;
So when all sudden near some Cities bound,
While tranquilly the festive Hours go round;
Strong shouts the Foe, within Fear struck they lay,
Nor more pursue their Business nor their Play.

Not

Not mild Clarissa could the Conflict bear,
 With palid Cheek she sunk upon her Chair;
 Scarce could Dorinta the fierce Shock maintain,
 Or e'en Lord Fallall, flightiest of the Train;
 Amanda only, still complacent fate,
 And heard unmov'd the Threats of Themis' Hate;
 As for Sir Airy to chagrin a Prey,
 He not ill pleas'd saw Faro in Dismay:
 At length Lucinda, boldest of the bold,
 Her vivid Eye with rising Spirit roll'd,
 O'er the struck Host, then raising high her Fan,
 Thus with an Air of happy Ease began,

Sway'd we but Nations like the Sons of Ease,
 Or bore we Rule o'er fruitful Provinces;
 Could Senates hear us, and could Fields behold,
 Our Pow'r o'er Armies, dress'd in Red and Gold,
 We, dearest Belles might willing quit this Host,
 Might view contented, even Faro lost;
 But not in Stations of Renown display'd,
 See Fate and Envy doom us to the Shade;
 In Pleasure's Circles only form'd to shine,
 'Till Youth be gone, and we must all resign;
 'Till Youth be gone, that short short Summer's Day,
 And we remov'd like fading Flow'rs away,

Oh!

Oh! could our Labour ought prolong this Bloom,
And stop awhile th' inexorable Tomb;
Could we live fearless of the hast'ning Fall,
Which soon will end, and ah! will level all;
Then might we p'rhaps have some spare Time to hear,
This haughty Themis, and might p'rhaps give Ear.
But the fix'd Doom of mortal Life is cast,
We see each Hour the precious Bounty waste;
No Time is giv'n to lose in vain Debate,
Fate asks Dispatch, and we are rul'd by Fate.
Age soon will make disgusting, tasteless, all,
But now Bliss calls, and lets us hear its Call;
As o'er the flow'ry Fields the Lev'rets wind,
And brave the Foes that threaten loud behind;
So let us run o'er Pleasure's joyous Way,
Bold and undaunted from the present Day;
Bold and undaunted, whate'er Foe pursue,
Still run the Course, the Course delightful thro';
'Till Age or Death o'er shadowing all descend,
And they alone the charming Bus'ness end.
Thus said the Fair, and Plaudits strike the Skies,
Loud as the Shouts, the swelling Shouts that rise,
When Monarchs speak who mighty Nations sway,
Or Armies sound their Thunders of Dismay;
Such the loud Clamours that the Fabric tore,
For all uniting rais'd the boundless Roar:

All

All but Sir Airy, who in Silence fate,
'Till Peace ensuing, thus he in Debate.

When Beauties smile what stony Hearts but love,
And when they reason, who can disapprove?
While the Lips speak, and while the Periods flow,
With Warmth we praise, and with Conviction glow:
Not that we want those Accents soft to tell,
Life's bitter Portion, 'ere its Force we feel.
Too well we see the Sorrows of this wide,
Unhappy Space, so fatal to our Pride;
But of all them who form the earthly Train,
Shall ye bright Belles be foremost to complain?
Sceptres more pow'rful than great Kings ye wield,
And sway more Ranks than Gen'als of the Field;
For you our Vessels the rough Seas divide,
For you our Swords in Blood of Men are dy'd;
For you in Circles we fight forth our Breath,
Or in long Toils of Fame encounter Death:
Cars roll to please you, Shades to charm you rise,
High Monuments, and gilded Palaces.
Ye have a World, enough is not yet giv'n,
Now like the Giants, wage a War with Heav'n;
Now scorn at Themis' high Commands to move,
Now own no great Superiours above.

But

But O, my Friends! the long Ambition bound,
Tho' vast your Empire, it has yet a Bound;
Ye rule below Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, all,
But Themis' orders from a higher Ball;
Then be her Voice, her holy Voice ador'd,
And perish Faro at her mighty Word.

Scarce had he said, when like a Storm that blows
It's sudden Fury, Evelina rose;
Her Features flam'd in universal Fire,
As rising up she thus express'd her Ire.

Ye blooming Rings, may ev'ry beating Breast,
With each dear Pleasure, each fond Wish be blest;
May Faro long in brightest Honours rise,
By Princes lov'd, and favour'd by the Skies.
What hateful Tongue can the Advice declare,
To make the sweet Pursuit no more our Care?
O let that Tongue the shameful Words control,
Nor speak the Dictates of such dastard Soul;
Whose Frames but sicken, and whose Eyes but flow,
Whose angry Lips but loud Reproaches throw;
When we desire the Ball or Route in vain,
And unkind Friends or Accidents restrain;
We curse our Stars, but one short Night depriv'n,
We faint and rave, and execrate high Heav'n.

F

What

What Wonder then on this tremendous Day,
We should experience a full Difarray?
That ev'ry Heart should be with Passion strung,
From ev'ry Mouth Complaints excessive flung;
When Faro's Danger calls for weighty Fears,
Exciting Rage which cannot melt in Tears?
And shall we then to please this lofty Dame,
Give up for ever the delightful Game?
Ye Gods let rather ev'ry Hand engage,
Let the Threat fly, and let Contention rage;
'Till waving Plumes grace London's Streets no more,
And Balls, Routes, Pastimes are for ever o'er.
Who at this Crisis dare submit to prove,
May they be curs'd by ev'ry Pow'r above;
May they be shut in some dark Cell alone,
Without Paint, Essence, Mirror, Bead, or Comb.
She said, and raging on the Altar flung
Her lustrous Fan with brilliant Spangles hung;
At the rude Shock the Spangles broke their Bound,
And the gay Fragments flew wide scatter'd round.

Then flash the vivid Lightnings from all Eyes,
And Cries of Discord from each Part arise;
All move at once, at once all Tongues prevail,
Yet Peace and War hang doubtful on the Scale,

'Till

'Till fierce Melissa on Sir Airy springs,
And loud, "to Arms," thro' the wide Mansion rings.

But now, thank Heav'n, those Ages are no more,
When Beauties bled on Xanthus' cruel Shore;
Bled by rude Heroes who before their Charms,
Thick Shields portended, and rough iron Arms:
Our gayer Champions dropping the broad Shield,
Seek but an equal O'erthrow on the Field;
What Wonder then gay Belles should dare the Wound
Which lays their Foes upon an even Ground.

While now with Warmth Melissa press'd the Knight,
Melva her Friend 'like anxious for the Fight,
Attack'd gay Simper with resiftless Ire,
Who met the Heroine with an equal Fire.
When proud of Teeth which D'Chamant had made,
The polish'd Prongs too freely he display'd,
For the fleet Weapon of his warlike Foe,
Impell'd on the white Ornaments a Blow.
The trembling Spark retreating quite dismay'd,
Lord Glitter thought to yield a timely Aid;
But fair Elvina with her Fan drew nigh,
And hit the Peer where Sense is said to lie:
The thick Exterior guarded from the Wound,
But the Fane echo'd with a hollow Sound.

To shun that Fate, the young Lyfander try'd,
As he the Noble's sad Rencounter 'spy'd ;
But while his Care was for another Part,
Bright-ey'd Lucinda shot him thro' the Heart.
Just then impetuous Colonel Bluster came,
Against Belinda, but the fearless Dame,
Smiling to see him with such Fury glow,
Her Smile disarm'd the War-intending Beau.
A Fate still harder bold Lycastus knew,
Kill'd by a Frown which fierce Dprinta threw:

Thus far the Belles all wish'd Success obtain,
And each brave Warriour's dauntless Force was vain ;
Each but the Knight's, who scorning yet to yield,
Against a Female Army kept the Field ;
Venus, unseen, defended his bold Face,
And o'er it spread a triple Coat of Brass.

But Chloe having now fix'd Cymon's Doom,
And laid Beau Flutter prostrate in the Room ;
Resolv'd Sir Airy should not long stand so,
And furious rushing thus address'd the Foe :
" Tho' harmless Darts from unskill'd Hands may fly,
" Yet learn to fear a wiser Enemy ;
" Thy hardy Face may well each Wound restrain,
" But much I doubt the Firmness of thy Brain."

The

The Queen of Diamonds fiercely as she said,
She rais'd aloft, and thunder'd at his Head.

Now thank thy Barber for thy near Escape,
Nor for thy own, another's Prowess take,
But for the Powder and Pomatum round,
Thy pulpy Brain had known a mortal Wound;
And thou who bear'ft at Birth-night Balls such Sway,
Had'ft fall'n a Victim on that signal Day.

For lo! the Queen with Skill unerring thrown,
And boundless Force, dropt on the Hero's Crown,
When by th' o'erpow'ring Essence of his Hair,
She fell a Captive in the Height of War;
Sunk topsy-turvy 'mid the soft Perfume,
Loud Laughter echo'd thro' the lofty Room;
His Hands the Beau to seize the Pris'ner spread,
Not the first Victim to his well-dress'd Head.

Now as she saw the Strife a Moment cease,
The charming Priestess to prolong the Peace,
Graceful arose, unlike the brawling Train,
Smooth flow'd her Words in such appeasing Strain.

Secur'd by Walls in this protected Seat,
We sit unfearing when the Tempests beat;

And


And are not Firmness and good Humour found
As good Defence to guard our Minds around?
With perfect Purity no Bliss ever flows,
The best Enjoyments have their certain Foes.
Time threatens our Charms, Age undermines our Tastes,
Death all menaces, with a speedy Waste.
Yet what sad Heart, the weakest of the Train,
At all these Terrours feels one Pang of Pain;
Still smiling at the threat'ning Tempests Pow'r,
We glide along, and laugh away the Hour.
O why then now, like them whom adverse wind,
Ne'er drove a Moment from the Course design'd;
By Declamation, and by Wrath deplore,
When o'er our Heads the Storms of Themis roar?
Let Cowards tremble at the hostile View,
We still undaunted will our Course pursue;
Bold and unfearing, easy, free, and gay,
Where Faro leads, still will we take our Way.

She ceas'd, but so divine unto the Ear,
Her Voice, that list'ning still they seem to hear
Her soothing Words like melting Music sway,
And all around a quick Assent display;
All lose their Fears, all firm for Faro rise,
And laugh to scorn the Themis of the Skies.

Such

Such Pow'r to move had one enchanting Face,
And so rules Beauty all of human Race;
Thus when the Grecian Belle, fair Boast of Fame,
Before the Elders of proud Troja came;
They cried, " No Wonder such celestial Charms,
" For Nine long Years have set the World in Arms;"
What Wonder then, a Belle of brighter Kind,
Should to still bolder Actions move Mankind;
Should urge gay Beaus, e'en Themis to defy,
Themis who rules all human Sov'reignty.

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.



CANTO THE FOURTH.

WHO hence shall marvel that the Giant Train,
Of old prov'd Rebels to the Father's Reign;
Th' Almighty Father, who created all,
Mad down to drag him from th'Olympian Hall?
Since now we see the gentle Tribe of Love,
Rebel 'gainst Themis' Delegate of Jove;
Themis who forces from their native Shore,
Her Foes so often, to return no more;
Or in the Face of all the laughing Sky,
Hung by the Neck, exhibits them on high;
The daring Deed shall distant Ages tell,
And think with Wonder on each Beau and Belle.

Mean Time some Respite each gay Heart desir'd,
And from the Fane the shining Hosts retir'd:
The charming Nymphs their Vestments now unbound,
And laid with Care the valu'd Fragments round.
What Time the Wizard ceases to pervade,
With impious Orgies the nocturnal Shade;

Before

Before grey Darknefs from her Heights descends,
Or in the Eaft the glorious Light afcends.
In gentle Eafe, in Slumbers sweet they lay,
And quite forgot the Bus'nefs of the Day.
But not fo Fame, ftern Foe to all Repofe,
Her Eyes ftill fearching Mifchief, never clofe :
Perch'd on a Cloud o'er the rebellious Scene,
No fooner had ſhe it's Conclufion feen,
Than fwift ſhe flew thro' the vaſt Realms of Air,
To vengeful Themis, the Report to bear :
The Foreſts founded as above ſhe ſhot,
The Echoes hail'd her, from their Dens remote ;
Quickly her Voice the ſpiteful Tale employs,
And Faro's Scorn again ſounds thro' the Skies.

Great Themis heard, her glowing Eyes ſhot Fire,
And thro' her Breaf't roll'd Torrents of red Ire ;
So wrathful to perceive that Man's weak Race,
Should brave her Power, whoſe wonderful Embrace,
No Regions bound, that human Beings know,
From Heav'ns high Space above, to Hell's low Depths below.
Succeſſive Means of Speedy Vengeance ſtart,
String her bold Arm, and ſwell her raging Heart ;
'Till now th' impetuous Anguiſh ſhe ſuſpends,
And on her Earth-born Myrmidons depends.

G

Reſolv'd

Resolv'd their Hearts with Vengeance new to fire,
And pour on Faro all their gather'd Ire;
Instant she look'd o'er Albion the renown'd,
Her Myrmidons in ev'ry Part were found;
But her four Chiefs their Heads exalted rear'd,
In Council high, where Westminster appear'd.
Her awful Silence then fam'd Themis broke,
And thus unto the mighty Rulers spoke :

Why boast ye, Umpires! your unbounded Pow'r,
Extending round both Land and Ocean o'er?
Your awful Statutes like the Gods rever'd,
Your Mandates reverenc'd, and Menaces fear'd!
Unless ye be with Awe indeed beheld,
And o'er the People this Dominion wield?
But where is now the Strength of that high Boast?
Now all your Empire, all your Honour lost?
So Faro wills, triumphant over all,
Faro, 'gainst which your vaunted Glories fall.
Hear how yon Hosts their daring Deeds proclaim,
While ye are silent to the boundless Shame!
Not so, in Face of Gods and Men ye swore,
When first those Ensigns of my Trust ye bore;
Then was the Vow, the common Vow of all,
T' uphold my Influence in the earthly Ball.

Now

Now nought but daring Infults all employ,
And Faro! Faro! gay, fair, wealthy cry;
Yet who but tremble 'mid the boldest Train,
E'en one short Hour to stand against my Main?
However strong their Boldness they deplore,
Do my Threats clamour, and my Terrors roar;
Well then may yon proud Hosts know horrid Fears,
When arm'd against them my high Hand appears;
And now to Sight the dreadful Day shall spring,
Which with it shall a boundless Vengeance bring,
'Till one black Terror seize the Hearts of all,
And Faro find an undistinguish'd Fall.
Haste then, be now your firmest Force confest,
Let Ardour fire each Myrmidon's bold Breast;
Let ev'ry Statute in full Rigour stand,
And Laws' dread Fury, arm each vig'rous Hand;
Let none, none cease in the dire Strife to glow,
'Till Hosts and Faro be alike laid low;
'Till one black Shame their former Pride confound,
And they stand scoff'd at by the People round.

She says, her Voice a common Rage imparts,
And mutual Fury fires their ardent Hearts;
As when the Lightning darting from the Sky,
Plays where the Forests rear their Heads on high;

The Leaves are kindled by the fervid Rays,
And all unite in one promiscuous Blaze;
So the fierce Choler universal ran,
When thus the first of Myrmidons began.

O Thou! who seated on the Heav'n's high Brow,
Hold'st in thy Sway the wide Domains below;
We Thee obey, exalted and ador'd,
Immortal Daughter of Creation's Lord!
At thy Command, yon daring Hosts shall all
Feel on their Heads one woeful Ruin fall.
Methinks already I that Ruin see,
A dread Revenge for old Contumacy!
Already see them, haughty, as they are,
Scatter'd like Children who to Sports repair,
When Thunder Tempests catch them at their Play,
And make them fly, and fill them with Dismay:
For lo, on each the Terrours shall descend,
Each Myrmidon his dreadful Arm shall lend;
'Till Themis' Vengeance fated by full Sway,
Has swept the Pride of ev'ry Foe away;
'Till Mark of public Scorn around they lie,
For Passengers to point unto and cry;
" Lo these are they whom Faro fill'd with Pride,
" These, who great Themis and her Pow'r defy'd!

" See

" See how they fall in unreserv'd Disgrace,
 " Scorn of their Name, Dishonour of their Race."

O Umpires ! worthy Deeds of such Renown,
 Be at this Period all your Prowess shown;
 Let each the Weapons of black Wrath prepare,
 Let each betake him to the desp'rate War,
 'Till with full Triumph the high Cause be crown'd,
 And all of Faro lie depress'd around.

He furious said, the Fury round expands :
 So, where on Pindus the high Forest stands;
 When the Storm's Blasts the Trees most lofty blow,
 A loud Commotion shakes the Woods below.
 Each raging Bosom beats with boiling Ire,
 And from each Eye-ball flashes the fierce Fire,
 For quick Revenge their ardent Spirits burn,
 And vow in Concert Faro to o'erturn.
 Determin'd thus, they haste to take their Stand,
 And thunder dreadful o'er th' adjacent Land;
 As when some Gods 'gainst human Force combin'd,
 Come forth to scourge the Nations of Mankind;
 They march in Terrours, matchless Wrath inspire,
 And quickly point the Arrows of their Ire.
 Then full o'er Syria, roar the Tempests loud,
 Or bursts on Barca the terrific Cloud;

The

The swarthy Indians tremble in their Arms,
Or the fierce Arabs suffer new Alarms;
No Strength can save from Combatants of Skies,
Such pow'rful Foes, the Foes of Themis rise;
While t'other Chiefs make diff'rent Parts their Care,
The Chief of Chiefs thro' London drives the War.

Instant around he issues his Commands,
Prepar'd for Action stand the ready Bands;
Not Bands more fierce could ancient Scythia boast,
Nor they who fought on fam'd Araxes' Coast:
With Arms of Terrour formidably grac'd,
High at their Head the valiant Chief was plac'd;
On his strong Arm the deadly Robes were strung,
The fearful Peruke on his Head was hung;
The fearful Peruke with much Art design'd,
To deal forth Woes, and terrify Mankind.
All o'er its Crown a thousand Ringlets grow,
'Twining like Serpents round Medusa's Brow;
From it's broad Base three Tails tremendous spring,
To represent the Furies as they cling.
For ever on it their curst Aspects rear,
Distressing Horror, and Heart-rending Fear;
Scatt'ring 'mid Foes unutt'able Alarms,
The Sight of ev'ry Myrmidon it charms;

It's

It's steady View, a burning Rage imparts,
But when it shakes new Fury fires their Hearts;
Then shines their Strength in double Wrath confest,
And Fires more furious circle thro' the Breast:
Then the strong Poison from their Tubes is thrown,
Whose dire Effect thro' all the World is known;
Not stronger the bold Harmateliens flung,
Nor was on Bows of savage Celtæ hung.
With the strange Art was this fell Fluid crown'd,
To give as thrown, a slight or mortal Wound.
Then when it shakes, the vengeful Tribes prepare
Their Parchment Shields, and issue to the War;
Thick as the Locusts, an unnumber'd Train,
Pour in broad Clouds o'er Mauritania's Plain;
And dread as when the fierce Mahrattas come
From Mounts of Deckan, plund'ring round to roam;
Surat against when they portend their Arms,
And scatter forth loud Terrours and Alarms.

But since the pow'rful Force of Themis came,
Not to War's Field with Arms of common Frame,
With Arms which Hands of common Smiths had made,
Gun, Musket, Dart, or Steel's all-piercing Blade.
Since mighty Monarchs their fam'd Arms design'd,
Compriz'd in Statutes of peculiar Kind;

Say

Say Muse, what Monarchs form'd those now display'd,
On Themis Side, to lend their mighty Aid;
Their high Report, we know no Countries bound,
Not Benin far, nor Antioch renown'd;
But say, how came they, under what great Name,
And what Hands arm'd them for eternal Fame.

First they of Henry, on the List are plac'd,
Henry the Eighth, the greatest, and the last;
His val'rous Arm their Prowess had supply'd,
And sent them forth to war on Themis' Side,
Against the Foes contemptuous of her Reign;
'Gainst Faro's Host, and all the gaming Train;
Fierce and tremendous, terrible and strong,
They shine the foremost of the warlike Throng.

In Order foll'wing, next her Statutes move,
Whose dear Remembrance the bold Briton's love;
Whose Reign applauding in loud Strains of Praise,
They still distinguish by the golden Days.
Her's was a Fame that common Fame exceeds,
And still her Name in royal Circles leads;
The Cause of Themis, ever her first Care,
Her given Aid, now stood prepar'd for War.

The

The following Force the courteous Monarch fram'd,
 Who for his Age of easy Wit was fam'd;
 He not allur'd by dazzling Glory's Star,
 To Deeds of Greatness or to Fields of War,
 Took tempting Pleasures more delightful Way,
 And laugh'd and sang his joyous Life away;
 Yet still in Themis' honour'd Part he rose,
 And sent some dreadful Statutes 'gainst her Foes.

Next in Succession 'mid the Numbers came,
 The pow'rful Edicts of the King of Fame;
 Bound from the Land, where Tay's smooth Waters glide,
 And o'er Annandale, runs the Stream of Clyde;
 Where crosses the Plain, the Grampian Mountain spread,
 Rears to the Skies the Honours of it's Head;
 Strong as the strongest of the warlike Train,
 They boasted not their dauntless Might in vain.

The Statutes next their vig'rous Prowess show'd,
 Arm'd by the Chief, in Valour like a God;
 Who from those Regions cross'd the raging Main,
 Fam'd for the labouring People they contain;
 For them no Hills, their flow'ry Summits show,
 Nor tinkling Rivers thro' soft Vallies flow;
 Yet envy they not who in shady Groves,
 Delighted sit, and woo their smiling Loves;

Nor who beside smooth gliding Arno stray,
 Or in the Plains of charming Tempe play.
 A toiling Race, not form'd for tender Love,
 Whom only Gold and hoarded Wealth can move;
 Their gen'rous Prince, when King of Albion's Land,
 In Themis' Cause, sent forth this valiant Band.

Anna the soft, the gentle and the fair,
 Made next the same illustrious Cause her Care;
 Princēs of Fame; this Sov'reign far ador'd,
 Whom hardy Denmark gave a royal Lord:
 Lov'd for a tender Snavity of Blood,
 Her Nations call'd the courteous and the good,
 Much to the Aid of the great Queen inclin'd,
 A mighty Force she on her Side combin'd,
 Which added to the terrible Display
 Of Forces gather'd on this vengeful Day.

In Order next, the Statutes were enroll'd,
 Of all beside, most hardy and most bold,
 Which George the Second, of immortal Fame,
 Sent dreadful forth, an Honour to his Name;
 Taking in Terror, their tremendous Stand,
 They thunder loudly o'er the Sea and Land,
 And bringing up the formidable Rear,
 Last of this doughty Catalogue appear.

Such are the mighty Pow'rs which now combine,
 In the fam'd Cause of Themis the Divine;
 Such are they plac'd in terrible Array,
 And such with Awe beholding Eyes survey:
 With them the Myrmidons' bold Arms are strung,
 And where they march, Woe, Terrour, Fear are flung;
 Now against Faro all their Rage is bound,
 Resolv'd to bring it to the very Ground.

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

BUT Themis angry, on her Throne still fate,
Whence, deep in Thought, she view'd the mortal State;
View'd, well confid'rate, Earth's extended Plain,
And all the various Dignities of Man:
So fiery Phœbus from his Seat on high,
Directs far round his all-discerning Eye;
From fruitful Plains where crowded Towns are spread,
To Hermits Dens, and Vallies of the Dead.
Thus Themis casts her View o'er ev'ry Scene,
Where Hills and Vales, and boundless Seas are seen;
Yet undistinguish'd all proclaim her Sway,
Her all the People they contain obey;
And now on Faro's Host again her Eyes,
She wrathful turns, and Furies new arise:
Fain would she blast them as the Trees that grow,
Fix'd high upon the lofty Mountain's Brow,
Are blasted when the Thunder Storm descends,
And Branch from Branch the flashing Lightning rends;

Or

Or sink them under such a Weight of Shame,
That ev'ry Name on Record might remain,
To be by Parents Ages hence mark'd down,
And to their Children for Examples shown.
Then vengeful o'er them some such Fate to spread,
And heap deep Terrour on each guilty Head;
She forthwith fix'd to sue in her Design,
Of gath'ring Wrath, th' immortal Pow'rs divine.
As when offended Neptune 'gainst some Train,
Of Merchant Vessels lab'ring on the Main,
His Fury stirs, 'ere yet the Tempests rise,
He calls to Aid, the Father of the Skies;
Then Clouds and Seas united Terrours pour,
The Ligh'nings flash, the beating Billows roar;
Against the Storm avails no mortal Sway,
But Ships and Seamen both are swept away;
Such is their Wrath in the divine Abodes,
And Man so feeble, when compar'd to Gods.
Such boundless Terrours o'er the Hosts to move,
Thus Themis prays the Deities above:

O ye, who round th' eternal Monarch fell,
Those Seats so happy on th' Olympian Hill;
To you I sue, from this distressful Life,
The wretched Region of perpetual Strife;

Long

Long Toils, long Sorrows, here we always mourn,
And ev'ry Woe affails our Peace in turn.
But 'mid the long Calamities that roll,
One blest Reflection charms the suff'ring Soul;
Whate'er Griefs come, whatever Ills betide,
This happy Solace never is deny'd;
Far, far, from human Retribution driv'n,
There is at last a sure Redress in Heav'n;
There ever Deities impartial reign,
And injur'd Justice never cries in vain.
O pow'rful Jove! hast thou not me ordain'd,
To sway the Sceptre o'er this nether Land;
T' extend my Influence far as Sol's bright Ray,
And make the mightiest of Mankind obey;
But see, oh see! with some how wholly vain,
Is even what celestial Minds ordain.
Hark! London's lofty Tow'rs resound my Shame;
And my Dishonour is the Sport of Fame:
Nor yet are they the conq'ring Chiefs of War,
Nor Kings, nor Rulers, who these Insults dare;
Lo! this curst Strife the fair and gay maintain,
And my worst Foe is Faro's impious Train.
See in my Sight still their bold Actions rise,
Still braving me, found thro' the vast of Skies:
But ye almighty Deities above,
Do you revenge the Delegate of Jove?

Break

Break their triumphant Pride of boasted Trust,
And Hosts and Faro tumble to the Dust.

Her Pray'r ascending, gain'd the Choir above,
Dwelling in golden Thrones around great Jove;
A glorious Scene! each viewing each they fate,
Attentive all, as Themis mourn'd her Fate;
In Gaze commutual, in Reflection lost,
Silent awhile remain'd the heav'nly Host.
When kindly pitying the fair Mourner's Woes,
The three Celestials from their Seats arose;
The same who caus'd old Troja's mournful Fall,
By their fam'd Contest for the golden Ball;
Advancing first, the Consort of great Jove,
Next Wisdom's Goddess, next the Queen of Love;
Then she began, who foremost of them sway'd,
And thus the Partner of the Thund'rer said:

For ever, ever, be these blest Abodes,
The peaceful Regions of th' immortal Gods,
Free from the odious Strife of yon obscure,
Unhappy World, which knows no Pleasure pure:
But tho' no Sorrow thro' these Dwellings rolls,
No Cares press heavy on celestial Souls;
Still there exists, whose supplicating Pray'r,
Demands the Favour of our guardian Care.

Themis,

Themis, expos'd to ev'ry Insult stands,
 And asks Relief at our Almighty Hands;
 She calls for Vengeance on proud Faro's Host,
 Before whose Sway her lawful Pow'r is lost;
 It's shameful Sway, hear how yon fair proclaim,
 And London thro', spread the rebellious Flame.
 At just Restriction, they but bolder rise,
 And Heav'n and Earth their raging Voice defies;
 Well may great Themis, of Immortals born,
 Much, much resent this unaccustom'd Scorn.
 Far diff'rent Scenes there former Times beheld,
 In diff'rent Studies yon fair Train excell'd;
 Thro' far surrounding Lands none like them shone,
 None of such various Excellence were known.
 In Love, in Friendship, they held each soft Part,
 In Charm of Face, and Dignity of Heart;
 That, blest by Heav'n, they might unrivall'd reign,
 Surpassing all that Earth's wide Bounds contain,
 And all the Islands in the boundless Main.
 But since the Date of Faro's hateful Sway,
 Since Themis mourns her Sov'reignty's decay;
 There see our choicest Gifts neglected fall,
 See! nought but Tumults rage through ev'ry Hall.
 What knows the Day save Vanity and Strife?
 And what but Folly is the Pride of Life?

Yet

Yet all Restraint from earthly Pow'rs they spurn,
And we alone can the Pursuit o'erturn:
Then that all such our fix'd Intent may know,
Let some celestial Sign this Instant show,
That whoso hence 'gainst Themis' ord'ring Word,
Shall dare to practice Faro's Rites abhorr'd.
That Wretch too base a just Renown to know,
Shall be detested thro' the Worlds below;
That Wretch too hateful, Dignity to wear,
Contempt shall follow, and Disgrace shall tear.

So spoke the highest of the Deities;
An awful Silence follow'd in the Skies;
'Till soft as Gales o'er Harps Æolian blow,
These gentle Accents from fair Venus flow;

O! if the first for just Renown to stand,
In ev'ry City, and in ev'ry Land,
Was half so charming to yon Fair below,
As lawless Joy, or dissipated Show,
Had Sparta's Queen forgot her rightful Lord?
Had Ægypt's Princess such gay Life ador'd?
Had many a Parian Belle, and British Dame,
To Pleasure yielded, what was ow'd to Fame?
From Age to Age, let Rome her Lucrece boast,
Be Portia's Glory never, never lost;

Let distant Times reverberate the Lay,
 And raise the Bust superiour to Decay;
 But are there now, near Thames's rolling Tide,
 In whose soft Breasts such Passions still preside?
 Are there who now would violate their Frame,
 To live with Virtue, or to die with Fame?
 Ah! other Views their flighty Hearts beset,
 And vainly with a Name's Disgrace ye'll threat;
 They wish no Tombs by flatt'ring Lines embrac'd,
 No pompous Statues, on Pedestals plac'd.
 The Bloom of Face a brighter Charm affords,
 And Figure worship'd by admiring Lords;
 The Scenes of Show which courtly Eyes behold,
 Bedazzling Diamonds and reflected Gold.
 Hear but from Court or Cottage, Church or Ball,
 The first Petition, the most dear of all;
 Is it "Give us by Innocence to shine,
 "To pass in Virtue all our former Line?"
 No, "Give us, give us," is the common Cry,
 From earliest Youth to Age about to die;
 "O give to us to be for Face far known,
 "To gain by Beauty, Ages of Renown."

And what in Rings, where Beaus and Nobles swarm?
 But a fine Figure can delight and charm:

Say

Say of two Belles, soft, sweet, and graceful one,
 Fair as the Light, and brilliant as the Sun;
 One bart'ring these Things for the wise Controul,
 Of Strength of Mind, and Elegance of Soul;
 For which the Splendour of the Coronet glows,
 Which draws around the flutt'ring Train of Beaus;
 Which 'mid the shining Peers stirs warmest Fires,
 And which the learn'd Man and the wise admires.
 Ye'll find when Virtue scarce one Plaudit draws,
 Beauty commands loud Thunders of Applause;
 Tho' short it's Date, yet boundless is its Sway,
 And Victors Triumphs do but last a Day;
 While hardly purchas'd by long Pains and Fears,
 Herculean Tasks, and Servitude of Years.

When deck'd with Art, exulting Beauty glows,
 And the bright Figure its Attraction shows;
 What freezing Fluids but more swiftly glide?
 What haughty Heart but loses all its Pride?
 See each Eye glisten thro' the ravish'd Row,
 See old and young with mutual Ardour glow,
 And Crowds on Crowds applaud the lovely Show. }
 Such is the Glory that awaits the Grace,
 Of a fair Form, and an enchanting Face,
 When such a Syren charms the gazing Room,
 Easy in Mien, and beautiful in Bloom,

When Rings are charm'd by the delightful Form,
 The Eyes that dazzle, and the Words that warm:
 Unable to contend against their Sway,
 Fame, Virtue, Honour, vanish all away;
 In vain pure Saints and holy Vestals call,
 The beauteous sway, and sway unrivall'd all.

What Wonder then since such the Charm of Face,
 And such of Person, 'mid Earth's lowly Race;
 That to be fam'd for Beauty, Form, and Air,
 Is the first Wish of ev'ry mortal Fair:
 While then those outward Ornaments they boast,
 Without Regret will all beside be lost.
 But would you force for ever to refrain,
 From hateful Faro, yon offending Train;
 Would you their Hearts with endless Sorrow tear,
 'Till they no more the Wrath of Themis dare?
 Let quick Decay seize on each guilty Face,
 Let the Pursuit spoil ev'ry blooming Grace;
 Trembling they'll then avoid the shameful Sin,
 And give up Faro to preserve the Skin.

Thus Venus spoke, and on her Throne of State,
 With Grace divine, and sweet Deportment fate.

Next

Next the bright Queen, who Wit and Wisdom sways,
The high Minerva, thus exalted says.

They well of Beauty's blooming Form may boast,
Whose Sway without the sparkling Charm is lost;
No Wonder then the smooth-tongu'd Praise beguiles,
Where nought is known but tender Looks and Smiles;
But oft such prize too highly their Display,
Nor weigh the Tenure's ever doubtful Sway.
Fair Forms and Faces but a Time remain,
And nought can bribe them when once lost again;
Their short Endurance cools the warmest Tasse,
And turns to Things which may more long Time last.
If Grace had always that high Pow'r to warm,
And none were able to resist the Charm;
Why form'd to move a Heart of Stone to love,
Mourns thy soft Delia in yon distant Grove?
Is she not blest with ev'ry Art divine,
And ev'ry Part pre-eminent to shine?
Yet does she still the Rover fail to sway,
And in neglected Passion pine away?
Shall one so bright for ever hopeless burn,
And some fair Rival more enchanting mourn?
No, but a Rival, whose rich Stores unfold,
More Strings of Jewels, and more Heaps of Gold;

For

For Gold can all the Beauty's Hopes destroy,
 And break the View of promis'd Victory;
 Can rend, bend, harden, or dissolve the Heart,
 And loose the Charm of Nature and of Art;
 Its Pow'r increasing with each Period sways,
 To distant Ages and immortal Days.

But shall fair Venus her fall'n Pow'r deplore;
 Shall Venus sigh, that Earth's unworthy Ore,
 Should in Esteem above her Graces rise,
 And seem more charming in all Mortals Eyes
 When I, e'en I, before its glitt'ring Shrine,
 Must all my brighter, higher Gifts, resign;
 I, who with Wisdom, and with Parts endue,
 And give to mortals to extend their View;
 Beyond the dismal Space where Darknefs lies,
 To loftier Regions, and sublimer Skies:
 I, who distinguish from the vulgar Throng,
 By Depth of Sense, and Eloquence of Tongue;
 E'en I see fall before this Dross of Earth,
 All my Endowments, Valour, Wit and Worth;
 With its broad Sway it sweeps th' extended Field,
 And to its Influence all beside must yield.

But should the Beauty still conceive the Pow'r,
 Of a fair Face, superiour to a Dow'r;

At

At least in Circles gay, in airy Rings,
'Mid Beaus bedeck'd with Titles, Stars, and Strings;
Endow some Belle of the terrestrial Line,
With ev'ry perfect Excellence divine;
Then place her charming where St. James's flows,
Its countless Numbers of admiring Beaus;
Myself beside her, will another place,
Devoid of Beauty, and unknown to Grace;
But unto whom an Amplitude of Dow'r,
Shall well compensate for a Face's Pow'r.
Then see for which the radiant Coronet glows,
Which proves most honour'd in the gazing Rows;
Which gains the Ribband, which attracts the Star,
And draws around the Suitors from afar.
Before the Force of Gold's o'erpow'ring Ray,
Short will be found the fairest Face's sway;
However bright, indiff'rence will attend,
And Beauty's Pride without its Glory end.
Now this same Ore, which rules thro' Land and Main,
Forms the Support of Faro's harden'd Train.
But if it rested upon Beauty's Charm,
What wond'rous Pow'r cou'd you fair Ranks disarm?
Have they not hedg'd their valu'd Graces round,
With a Defence which nothing can confound;
Have they not Charms which no long Periods sway,
Nor Age, nor Fever ever can decay?

What

What Belles of Spirit will your Blight then fear,
When all the Aid of studied Art is near?
And their fond Hearts the lov'd Pursuits debar,
From such unmoving trivial Grounds of Care;
Would ye in Truth the pompous Train dismay,
Take, take at once its firm Support away?
And first from Gold the shameful Rite arose,
By Gold it still with boasted Triumph glows;
Depriv'd of it, amaz'd, confus'd, and lost,
Shall fall for ever, yon offending Host.
Be such then now the mighty Will of Heav'n,
Or let at least some certain Sign be giv'n,
That such sad Fate the Mortals shall deplore,
Who dare pursue the Rites of Faro more.

She said, fair Venus scorn expressing heard,
But better pleas'd Heav'n's higher Queen appear'd;
Resolv'd the serious Bus'ness to explore,
Which with Earth's Belles the Sway superiour bore,
Or Gold, or Fame, or Person's beauteous Glow,
And then to work proud Faro's quick O'erthrow.

END OF CANTO THE FIFTH.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

NOW springing forth with Charms celestial bright,
 Comes, radiant comes, the smiling God of Light;
 'Mid azure Clouds his dazzling Head he rears,
 And all adorn'd with splendid Gold appears.
 As his bright Ray of glorious Shine he sheds,
 A burst of Rapture o'er the Meadow spreads
 The Flocks skip joyous on the flow'ry Green,
 The Birds with warbling fill the sylvan Scene.
 Gay as his Lustre o'er the Fields he throws,
 The Shepherd Train with new Enchantment glows;
 The Nymphs and Youths their Hearts to Pleasure move,
 And Sounds of Bliss fill Valley, Hill, and Grove.
 Not so in Albion's Capital proceeds,
 The rising Dawn, a dreadful Tumult spreads;
 From Street to Street, Cries rend the ruffled Air,
 And round St. James's, Marks of Trouble glare.
 Above its Square dire Discord takes her Stand,
 O'er Faro's Fane she waves her hideous Brand.

K

By

By flaming Arms of Myrmidons fierce crown'd,
 Fear, Rage, and Terrour form'd a Circle round.
 Fame all regardful saw with Pleasure shine,
 Full o'er Amanda the Strife-raising Sign,
 Instant her Pinions cleft the ærial Road,
 'Till in the Presence of the Fair she stood :
 The Fair she found in Sleep's fast Fetters bound,
 The Vests and Feathers disarray'd around ;
 Her Ornaments the splendid Toilet bore,
 The neat form'd Sandals lying on the Floor.
 A Dream's soft Form the Syren now assumes,
 And to the Belle, as her Friend Anna comes,
 A desp'rate Grief her Visage seems to wear,
 Strange Apprehension, and unusual Fear ;
 Then while her Hands in frantic Woe were spread,
 Thus to the Priestess she with quickness said :

Why sleeps Amanda when dread Peril calls,
 When sanguine Discord hovers round the Walls?
 Lo ! in her Hand waves the tremendous Brand,
 And angry Themis now prepares her Band.
 For her Heav'ns kindling Vengeance is employ'd,
 And Pow'rs impetuous arm upon her Side ;
 Thy Fane her desp'rate Myrmidons menace,
 And full Destruction gathers round apace ;

Then

Then e'er in utter Ruin Faro lies,
 Rise, O Amanda! to Resistance rise.
 For me, to spread the loud Alarm I go,
 And stir each Host against the common Foe;
 For speedy Aid the present Moments call,
 And rise all must, or Faro sure will fall.

The Phantom vanish'd, with a sudden Bound,
 Amanda leapt on the rich cover'd Ground:
 Sleep, heavy Sleep, imprison'd her no more,
 From her fine Form the nightly Garb she tore;
 Her ready Hands the Task of Dress renew,
 And on with Speed the graceful Vests she drew.
 Upon her Head the Ornaments were hung,
 The colour'd Mantle o'er her Shoulder flung?
 Yet scarce the Sash around her Waist was ty'd,
 And to her Feet, the Sandals gay apply'd;
 Ere from her Chamber she with Haste descends,
 Big with the Dream, to tell it to her Friends:
 So, when some Swain in Shade reclining bears,
 A Sound terrific, which awakes his Fears;
 Instant his Hat he takes, on Willows hung,
 His Pipe he seizes, on the Herbage flung;
 And in a wild and apprehensive Haste,
 Runs to the Covert where his Friends are plac'd;

There 'mid the list'ning sympathetic Train,
To tell his Story, and to tell again.

Mean-time had Fame, curst Trouble of Mankind,
Spread the loud Rumour wide and unconfi'd;
O'er Streets and Houses she terrific treads,
And round and round the Sound discordant spreads.
All stand in Awe, all hear the noisy Maid,
But Faro's Hosts are terribly afraid.
As when high Ætna bursting from her Bounds,
Affrights the Nations with terrific Sounds;
They out of Danger, not untroubled hear,
But all expos'd, experience dreadful Fear.
Yet what can long daunt Belles of lofty Birth,
Who sway unrivall'd, all the Pow'rs of Earth?
Lo! scarce each arduous Bosom to disarm,
Had the fierce Herald publish'd the Alarm;
When Evelina in her splendid Car,
Roll'd thro' the Street, bold as the God of War;
Her quick Advance high echoing Mansions rung,
And bounding Knockers in bright Order hung;
Swift as she passes unto Faro's Trains,
Her furious Voice with double Rage she strains:
" O Friends," she cries, her Words the Halls resound,
The Sideboards, China, and gilt Pictures round;

" Shall

" Shall we of Fortune, Family, Renown,
 " Who rule the Circle, and who lead the Town,
 " Shall we to this imperious Themis bow,
 " Like vulgar Wretches, and like Beings low?
 " Gods! we to stoop to any one disdain,
 " And would we Faro, Faro still shall reign?"
 Her Voice new Courage to the Hosts imparts,
 Exalts their Hopes, and animates their Hearts;
 Defying all that adverse Foes can do,
 They vow still Faro boldly to pursue;
 Still to continue the forbidden Course,
 In spite of mortal, or immortal Force.

Say Virgins, who all Knowledge here inspire,
 Ye sacred Nine, exalted, heav'nly Choir,
 Since ye have told what Force in Wars array,
 On Themis' Side, menac'd such strange Difmay.
 O tell us too what hardy Belles of Fame,
 Dar'd the strong Arm of the offended Dame?
 In Faro's Cause, what Nymphs of Spirit stood,
 And still the Rites, the lawless Rites pursued?
 Nor that we would each lesser Name explore,
 And tell each Hero and each Heroine o'er;
 But say, who were the mighty Leaders known,
 And 'mid the Rings, who most conspicuous shone?

The

The famous Throng, such its illustrious Head,
That beauteous Belle, the bright Amanda led;
Her Fates were known Scenes various to propose,
And give her Heart whatever State it chose;
They offer'd social Peace in rural Bow'rs,
To shine a Flora, 'mid eternal Flow'rs;
Or quitting these for Glory and Renown,
To charm in Courts, and flutter thro' the Town.
Mov'd by th' Ambition of immortal Praise,
She left the Quiet, smooth Retreat displays;
She sigh'd to be in glitt'ring Rings admir'd,
And Songs of Beaus her youthful Fancy fir'd:
Sought and belov'd ere since the well known Day,
First long the Mall her Chariot took its Way;
Still was she all her happy Life along,
Of Love the Object, and the Theme of Song;
Still was she follow'd wherefoe'er she shone,
And in her Host the highest Names were known:
From various Counties they had bent their Way,
To vie with Rivals, and their Parts display:
Some fam'd for Gallantry, Dress, Form, or Air,
An ancient Lineage, or Complexion fair:
But most conspicuous in the Circle came,
The noble Balbo, a much noted Name.
Such was his Prowess in the Arts of Love,
His pleasing Manners had been known to move

Two fairest Belles, that Albion's Land affords,
 To forego Fame, and quit their raging Lords.
 But Celia now his whole Attention claim'd,
 Celia, who took the richest Man that aim'd;
 A wealthy 'Squire, her first Admirer bow'd,
 And firm Fidelity to him she vow'd:
 'Till gay Sir Sparkle, radiant as the Sun,
 Her changing Heart by Dress and Title won;
 His painted Cheeks shew'd how much he approv'd
 The dazzling Figure, which his Fair One lov'd:
 Vain as he was, he thought a brilliant Air,
 And pretty Face, could fix the flightiest Fair;
 'Till rivall'd by this far superiour Lord,
 The sad Mistake he heavily deplor'd:
 But in this Host who bore the highest Sway,
 Were Anna gentle, and Duvella gay;
 The first in Friendship with Amanda grew,
 The last for Wit a great Attention drew;
 But ah! not now in Glory she appear'd,
 Nor was her Voice of happy Fancy heard;
 No more delighting in the Hour of Whim,
 The Fool to laugh at, and the Dunces to trim:
 Having miscarry'd in a *Jeu d'Esprit*,
 At Home she took her solitary Tea;
 Not e'en Sir Airy, her bright Beau, could please,
 Nor Three grave Doctors give her Spirit Ease;

In

In glitt'ring Numbers, twice Three Hundred strong,
Came this huge Host, the Foremost of the Throng.

The Belle who led the second Host of Fame,
And in the List the second honour'd came,
Was she, whose Slaves the Sons of Kings were known,
And who ally'd to Royal Lineage shone;
Not less engaging 'mid gay Crowds to please,
Than charm Still-life by Elegance and Ease;
'Mid well-drest Beaus, extended was her Reign,
And Crowds distinguish'd follow'd in her Train.
Of Twelve Score Beaus, the Glory of her Host,
Nevus and Claucus the first Place could boast.
In bloody Fight, the former far renown'd,
Had left Four Heroes bleeding on the Ground:
In Horsemanship, the latter peerless shone,
And at Newmarket with the first was known:
Once steady Friends, no more the Hands they join'd,
Mov'd by an equal Enmity of Mind.
Rivals in Love, they fought one charming Dame,
Whose fav'rite Passion was the Thirst of Fame:
Enough for her, so that its Incense flow'd,
Careless if wise Men, or if Fools bestow'd;
In Country mounted on the fiery Horse,
That 'Squires might praise, she led the dang'rous Course;

In

In Town mid Circles shewing not less Fire,
To win a Name, and make the Sparks admire;
Of Nymphs Three Hundred, which this Fane could count,
She came most honour'd of the great Amount:
For lovely Pelia late immur'd in Shade,
No more her Face of fairest Shine display'd;
Doom'd a stern Father's harsh Command to mourn,
Who to Hantonia urg'd a quick Return.
Six Days and Nights she sad and weeping lay,
But on the Sev'nth constrain'd herself away.
Alas! not now she'd see the glitt'ring Train,
Those Halls once honour'd, long unblest remain;
Their Priestests far remote her native Shore,
Nor thinks of Faro nor its Pleasures more.

From that wide Square where fix'd in Pride above
Th' equestrian Statue, braves the Storms of Jove;
The foll'wing Host a Beauty far renown'd,
Led from the Structures tow'ring high around.
From those which look o'er Hyde Park's lively Green,
Or rang'd along the sounding Mall are seen;
Or where St. George's noble Church appears,
Or its high Head King George's Statue rears;
Or those which spacious Piccadilly grace,
Or Portman-Square, or noble Portland-Place;

L

In

In this bright Throng uncounted Numbers came,
Of diff'rent Orders, but of equal Fame,

Her Train shone next who thro' the Regions far,
Was fam'd for riding in the open Car;
Amongst the Numbers in it first enroll'd,
Rose Grandus gen'rous and Caristos bold:
But who a higher Place in Honours claim'd,
Was gentle Damon, for his Beauty fam'd;
Tho' not now wantoning with the young and gay,
In his dull Chamber he extended lay:
His drooping Head with Caps of Flannel bound,
Thin Broths and Potions crowded him around.
Alas! afflicted with the Worst of Woes,
Two frightful Pimples had beset his Nose.
But first of all stood Scilla the Serene,
Admir'd long Time, for Eveness of Mien;
Tearless she saw her nearest Kindred die,
And gain'd much Praise for firm Philosophy,
'Till, so will'd Fate, one cruel Ev'ning came,
Which put an End to all her former Fame:
For lo, she suddenly in Grief appears,
Her Locks she tears, her Hands in Anguish rears;
Now those Eyes weep, which never wept before,
Alas! sad Cause, her Pompey is no more!

Not

Not with the meanest gay Alicia shone,
Who laugh'd at ev'ry Folly but her own,
And made a Jest of all terrestrial Things,
From Songs to Pray'r-Books, and from Sots to Kings.
Not less conspicuous her whose only Joy,
Was varying Taste, and endless Novelty.
In vain Pearls, China, Coaches, swell'd her Store,
Her Heart was ever on the Rack for more:
Her Friend Eudocia, who from Cantium came,
For Show and Pleasure felt no less a Flame;
There on the Medway's Bank beset with Bow'rs,
A beauteous Mansion offer'd peaceful Hours;
There liv'd her Lord by Rustics round belov'd,
Her Offspring there the tender Days improv'd;
But vain their artless Smiles to fix her Stay,
Faro invites, she tears herself away.

The last Assemblage we in Order name,
Grac'd the same Square from which Amanda came:
Two Hundred Belles appear'd in this great Host,
Of Dukes and Peers twice Twenty it could boast;
With these Ten Knights their Influence combine,
And wealthy Commoners unnumber'd join;
But all to tell who in undaunted Pride,
Rush'd fearless forth, and stood on Faro's side,

Would be a Labour vain as his who plac'd,
 Where on the Shore the boundless Sands are trac'd,
 Takes up an unknown Number in his Hand,
 And falls intent to count the Grains of Sand;
 Forc'd ere he numbers the most trifling Store;
 To turn his Eyes and give th' Endeavour o'er:
 So he that would sum Faro's high Amount,
 Must cease the Toil, beginning on the Count,
 Unless some God enable to pursue
 The mighty Task, and pass the Labour thro'.

And now what Time his daily Toil just done,
 The simple Rustic, at the setting Sun,
 Plac'd on the Turf before his Cottage Door,
 Toils with his Children, all his earthly Store;
 Jove, who above the Stars unmeasur'd Height,
 Has fix'd his Dwelling, cast below his Sight;
 That Sight known in its Prospect to contain,
 The Hills and Dales, the Defart, Town and Main.
 He saw great Themis' Force, gay Faro's Pride,
 The desp'rate Contest going to be try'd;
 Then seated his eternal Throne on high;
 Op'd he the Volume of Futurity,
 Where Fate decrees, that without some God's Sway,
 Vain should fall Themis' Strength upon that Day:

On

On which the Thund'rer, "Such is Folly's Force,

"That not e'en Themis can arrest its Course,

"Unless the Arm some high Celestial wield,

"To fight her Battles on yon lowly Field;"

Then thus the Consort of th' immortal Lord,

"O ever worshipp'd, honour'd, and ador'd;

"Fear not for Themis, she shall be my Care,

"Mine be the Office to avenge the Fair;

"Till she rise honour'd to Earth's farthest Bound,

"And Faro fall unknown, unheard of round."

END OF CANTO THE SIXTH.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

FROM the gay Scenes where giddy Crowds repair,
Now tir'd withdraws, the first of mortal Fair;
On her soft Couch her beauteous Form she lays,
With Pleasure fated, and fash'd with Praise:
Yet though their Sway, more gentle Views impart,
Still future Raptures dance around their Heart.
So one who trav'ling some delightful Way,
While he stays resting at the warm Mid-day;
In Thought keeps wand'ring o'er the Mountains high,
And sees the Vallies swim before his Eye.
Thus led by Hope to Fancy's Fields we roam,
And foretaste Pleasures, never p'rhaps to come.

But lo! sweet Sleep now leaves his happy Bow'rs,
His Regions scatter'd with rest yielding Flow'rs;
He bears a Rod of all composing Bloom,
His Progress mark'd by opiate Perfume;

His

His soothing Prefence fair Amanda calls,
A solemn Silence wakes along the Walls,
Where falling now the welcome Pow'r descends,
And o'er the Beauty his soft Wand extends.
Sinking she feels the stealing Slumber spread,
She feels the Poppies lighting on her Head ;
Her Eyes by Turns surrounding Objects lose,
'Till quite obscur'd the filken Lashes close :
'Till the Cheek gently on the Pillow prest,
Reclines dissolv'd in all composing Rest.
The God now beckons from the Realms of Air,
Delusive Dreams to charm the sleeping Fair ;
They come—with brighter Beaus than e'er were seen,
She seems to wander in a heavenly Scene ;
Ideal Monarchs to her Feet advance,
And Eastern Nabobs close Attendance dance ;
Immortal Charms her glowing Cheeks unfold,
She sits on Diamonds, and she walks o'er Gold ;
With cold Disdain regards all earthly Joys,
Mounts a Pearl Chariot, and ascends the Skies.

Mean-time the Fates the destin'd Thread entwine,
And Heav'n's high Queen now settled the Design ;
Her Iris calls, her Iris quick obeys,
And thus the Empress of Olympus says :

How

How oft' the Tribes in yon low Worlds retire,
Our interposing Influence require;
Blind unto Fate, and to Perverseness giv'n,
They ever err against the Will of Heav'n.
Now black Ambition stains with Guilt the Way,
Now lawless Pleasures raise o'er all their Sway;
Fatal might they to earthly Bliss be found,
But that our Hand soon stops their Progress round.
The latter Ill our present Notice calls,
And Themis' Pray'rs rise loudly from yon Walls;
'Gainst Faro's Host our Anger they implore,
Faro, curst Offspring of Gold's Earth-wrought Ore.
The glitt'ring Drofs should be forbidden quite,
And in deep Caverns hid from human Sight;
But that there are who use it's pow'rful Sway,
The piteous Woes of Wretches to allay;
Wretches there are, by adverse Fortune driv'n,
Without one Pleasure on the Face of Heav'n;
Wretches, whom Albion's happy Lands contain,
And ev'ry Kingdom on the terreous Plain;
From whom this precious Treasure can debar,
Each Pang of Trouble, and each Draught of Care.
When so employ'd, Jove from his Seat on high,
Smiles, as the noble Actions catch his Eye;
His bounteous Blessing to the Scene is giv'n,
And Earth-born Beings gain the Smiles of Heav'n.

But

But when the pow'rful Ore is misemploy'd,
In vile Pursuits of Caprice and of Pride;
When mighty Themis mourns the sad Decline,
Of her just Sway before its tainting Shine:
The God offended, his dire Anger spreads,
And scatters Terrours o'er the guilty Heads;
No mortal Pow'r can turn the pointed Wo,
Or blunt the Arrows of th'Almighty Bow.

Haste thou then where proud London's Turrets rise,
And sunk in Sleep the fair Amanda lies;
Unto her Influence Faro owes its Sway,
And Thousands follow where she leads the Way.
Tell her I will that she should now resign,
The lov'd Pursuit, and all its Joys decline;
No more so misemploy Earth's purest Ore,
Nor give Offence to holy Themis more.
But should she disincline the Voice to hear,
Let her the Vengeance of the Highest fear;
The Cause of Strife shall now be snatch'd away,
And Woes still greater curse the future Day;
Such Woes as they who disobey the Gods,
Know in the low Tartarian Abodes,
Which tho' ne'er heretofore to Mortals known,
Shall in a Vision now to her be shown.

M

So

So said the Queen of Heav'n, and swift as move
The Thoughts of Mortals on the Wings of Love;
When to pursue the Objects they adore,
They in one Instant pass ten Oceans o'er;
So swiftly from Olympus' starry Height,
Shot various Iris to Amanda's Sight;
With Wonder seiz'd, she suddenly awoke,
And thus the Messenger of Juno spoke.

Peace to Amanda, unto Thee I bear,
A heav'nly Message that demands thy Care;
Tho' all thy Charms with Grace superiour shine,
And dazzling Features and bright Eyes are thine;
Yet there are other Objects which demand,
The friendly Aid of thy assisting Hand.
What wretched Follies in these Scenes are seen,
What vile Pursuits, where Faro rules the Scene!
Lo! Themis, now for sacred Vengeance moves,
And Heav'n's great Queen the Folly disapproves;
On certain Ruin the base Pleasure stands,
The great Destruction hurl'd by her high Hands:
But unto thee she shews the fix'd Design,
That thou may'st make the matchless Glory thine,
To Themis her just Influence to restore,
And to support the hated Rites no more.

Such

Such great Regard will thy Example gain,
That led by thee, all shall at once refrain.
But should'st thou disobey the Warning giv'n,
Know that thou mak'st an Enemy of Heav'n;
That the stak'd Gold shall now be snatch'd away,
And Woes still greater curse the future Day;
Woes such as they who scorn the Voice of Gods,
Prove in the low Tartarian Abodes;
Which tho' ne'er heretofore to Mortals known,
Shall in a Vision unto thee be shewn.

Scarce were the Accents so alarming heard,
When instantly the Vision disappear'd,
Quick as the Fire which ere the Thunders roll,
Darts 'long the Earth, and lights the starry Pole.
Fain would Amanda in sad Thought pursue,
The wond'rous Theme, and ponder on the View :
In vain she tries, some far superiour Sway,
Her Eye-lids shuts, and bears her Mind away.
So some poor Bird that high in Air would spring,
The Flock to follow on too feeble Wing,
Is borne away by the too pow'rful Wind,
Down the steep Valley, or the Woods behind.

Black Night now covers the terrestrial Ball,
And Shades of Darknes hide the Woes of all ;

The blest and unblest equal fated lie,
Free from the Cares of frail Mortality ;
For now, no more the sparkling Eye-balls roll,
No longer rule the Phrensies of the Soul ;
Now Misers lay their golden Hopes aside,
And Kings and Beauties quite forego their Pride.
Not long howe'er the tranquil Scene remains,
Not long sweet Peace inwraps the silent Plains.
Lo ! up the East a Messenger bold springs,
Who tells once more the Fate of mortal Things ;
With him revive the Paroxysms of Care,
And gloomy Troubles which no Mortal spare ;
For now the Fates from the almighty Hand,
Where evermore they keep their watchful Stand,
Deal various Portions to the Race of Men,
The Joys and Sorrows of Life's mingled Scene.
The diff'rent Lots discharg'd, their Hands descend,
And instant o'er the destin'd Head impend :
Pleasure and Pain by them with Variance giv'n,
As fills the Measure of the Will of Heav'n.
Thus do the Days of our Existence run,
Thus from the rising to the setting Sun.

Mean-time, bright Phœbus, glorious Orb of Light,
Had gain'd above his most exalted Height,

Shedding

Shedding bright Radiance thro' the Realms above,
When sudden from the fatal Hands of Jove,
Started the Portion of the Trance-bound Fair,
A dreadful Weight of Heart-corroding Care.
Revers'd her Fate, for all her former Days,
Were one full Term of Glory, Fame, and Praise;
Heavy it fell, as when the rattling Show'r,
Pours its hard Terroures o'er some tender Flow'r;
Too pond'rous for the gentle Bloom they prove,
And quite o'erpower the Glory of the Grove.
Amanda starts, the wond'rous Trance no more,
Far from herself her roving Fancy bore;
A shudd'ring Horror seiz'd her inmost Soul,
And all the Firmness of her Spirit stole.
Like one half frantic, she her Chamber views,
Then in her Thought the dreadful Dream renews,
And starts again, as one who having past,
Ere break of Day along some dreadful Waste,
Where hollow Pits made dang'rous the rough Road,
And hanging Rocks menac'd him as he trod;
At early Dawn, on turning him around,
To take a Prospect of the late pac'd Ground,
Stands stiff with Horror, trembling, and aghast,
To view the Dangers he so lately past;
O'er the sad Scene his Eyes regardful stray,
Nor can he think he yet is safe away.

In

In such terrific Apprehension lost,
 On her sad Couch the beauteous Priestess tost:
 Now rising, slow the mournful Chamber pac'd,
 Now pass'd along in melancholy Haste:
 'Till tir'd in antedating a black Doom,
 She sent for Anna to the painful Room;
 The Pangs of Wo by Friendship to console,
 Friendship, the sweetest Opiate of the Soul.

Her Anna pale with gloomy Terror found
 Her lovely Eyes fix'd stedfast on the Ground;
 There Care sat reigning on a Beauty's Brows,
 And bitter Sighs from Breast the sweetest rose;
 Raising at Anna's Sight her drooping Head,
 Thus to the welcome Visitor she said.

Canst thou, my Anna, tell what Dreams forbode?
 Dreams, that descend from Heav'n's supreme Abode?
 Canst thou turn dark, mysterious Things to Light,
 And well explain the Visions of this Night?
 O if thou canst in holy Friendship free,
 Say what thou know'st, and this unfold to me.
 Methought last Night, as calm the Moments flow'd,
 Before my Eyes a heav'nly Image stood;
 A Voice celestial whisp'ring in my Ear,
 Bid me the Doom of the most Wretched fear;

If

If still the Lead of Faro's Host I bore,
Or call'd the Crowds, or fought the Pleasures more.
Then suddenly all chang'd before my Eyes,
I saw around me ghostly Demons rise;
I seem'd to mingle with the wretched Train,
Whose empty Shadows crowd th' infernal Plain;
To see amid the mis'able Abodes,
The Fates of such as scorn the Voice of Gods.
O! now the curst, the dreadful Gulph I spy,
I view the Realms of Immortality.
That Ghost I know, I know his heavy Face,
Who yonder walks that melancholy Pace:
I cou'd call also yon sad Shade by Name,
Which stands divided from the mournful Train.
But ah! I rave, I fancy ærial Ghosts,
Yet hear me, Anna, tho' Hell's hateful Hosts,
Should even haunt this much tormented Room,
And spread round Horrors blacker than the Tomb;
I'd not from Faro tear myself away,
Honour forbids, and Honour I obey.
O, when I deaf to its high Mandate prove,
May I be banish'd from each Bliss I love:
May Parents, Sister, Brother, Child, and Friend,
No more to me a genial Smile extend;
May black Reproach and ignominious Shame,
My Credit ruin, and subvert my Fame.

But

But why should Dreams, delusive Dreams destroy,
Return'd fair Anna, my Amanda's Joy?
Why should mere Phantoms round thy tortur'd Brow,
That dreadful Fear, and Apprehension throw?
See the same Sun his glorious Light displays,
The same known Objects meet thy wonted Gaze,
The same lov'd Pleasures to Enjoyment call,
Parks, Plays, Balls, Op'ras, Concerts, Routs, and all.
If when reposing in delightful Bow'rs,
We seem convey'd far from the Bed of Flow'rs;
'Mid roaring Waves, 'mid rugged Rocks to glide,
Expos'd each Moment to the dashing Tide;
Say, when our op'ning Eyes on Meadows roll,
Lies the same Terroure, heavy on the Soul?
Well pleas'd we look the verdant Prospect o'er,
Seas pass away, and Storms are seen no more:
Why then torment thy Thoughts with Ghosts and Death,
While yet in perfect Health, thou draw'st thy Breath?
While yet the Joys of Life before thee rise,
"Thy Footstool Earth, thy Canopy the Skies?"
But if strange Spirits thou to see didst seem,
O tell me, tell me, all the wond'rous Dream!
Of Tales of Spirits, I could sit and hear,
'Till Night's dark Shadows on the Earth appear;
Then, still could sit, and hear them o'er again,
'Till blushing Phœbus peeps across the Plain.

Amanda

Amanda then. Nor where Death's Regions lie,
Nor how I gain'd their dreadful Company,
Can I explain, plung'd to the dark Abode,
I recollect not the tremendous Road;
Unconscious of the Journey I pursu'd,
'Till on the Banks of horrid Styx I stood,
Or seem'd to stand, for sure methought I knew
Some former Friends, there offer'd to my View:
But ah, how alter'd since the Time they shone,
Gay at bright Birth Balls, and for Charms were known;
For there no Cheeks with roseate Colour swell,
No blooming Forms in pride of Grace excel;
No haughty Rulers former Influence hold,
No wealthy shine in Diamonds, Lace, and Gold:
In Wonder, Terrour, Apprehension lost,
I gaz'd wild o'er the Heart-dismaying Coast;
I view'd affrighted the promiscuous Shades,
Of mingled Husbands, Brothers, Wives and Maids:
'Till, lo! approach'd me, 'mid the bitter Gloom,
My rival Beaus, a Duel gave the Tomb:
They seem'd absorb'd in endless Misery,
To hate each other, and to wish to fly;
Yet still ungrateful Company they kept,
Nor look'd around, nor spoke, nor smil'd, nor wept;
Not me they saw, their Names I three Times call'd,
At length they heard, they gaz'd, they stood appall'd;

N

A horrid

A horrid Yell spoke their entire Dismay,
And turning round, they hurry'd fast away.

O why, alas! so fatal was this Bloom?
Why caus'd these Features so severe a Doom?
With them what Hopes, what fond Desires were lost,
Their Mother's Blessing, and their Father's Boast!
At the sad Sight, a Stupor wrung my Soul,
Down my pale Cheeks I felt the Torrents roll.
Slow I pursu'd my Path along the Glade,
By crowding Spirits melancholy made;
When at a little Distance I beheld
A Form, which once in courtly Trains excell'd:
Which charm'd for ever by its bright Display,
And made fair Lydia favourite of the Gay:
Alas! not now the Beauty of the Ring,
She sees no Crowds their Adoration bring:
Her flowing Eyes fix'd mournful on the Ground,
She walk'd, but knew not whither she was bound;
Faithless, once faithless to her Husband's Bed,
The Conscience follow'd wherefoe'er she fled:
Still seem'd to haunt her unforgiving Lord,
And still the Deed, with Anguish she deplor'd,

And is there, said I, to a Ghost just by,
And is there truly an Eternity?

When

Where curst Cocytus rolls his groaning Stream,
 And is such Fancy other than a Dream?
 For sure I now the Land of Darknefs tread,
 And those are sure the Spirits of the Dead!

Yes, said the Shade, here Pluto's Regions lie,
 And here all wander of Mortality,
 'Till Years Five Hundred doubly number'd, past,
 Arrives a Change thought evermore to last.
 Thought to produce th' irrevocable Doom,
 Including an Eternity to come!
 Hence oft a Spirit sudden disappears,
 Soon as completed the long Term of Years;
 Goes trembling to the next more awful Scene,
 For here no more it after that is seen:
 And in impenetrable Darknefs lies,
 That wide, unfathom'd, infinite Abyfs.

Then I again, but tell me whither rove,
 They who late left the Canopy above?
 Where is the witty Celia to be found?
 Where splendid Galbus, who outshone all 'round?
 Where Phillis dear?—but ah! what Spirit strays
 Where yon black Rock its rugged Point displays?
 'Tis she!—but why heave those tumultuous Sighs?
 Why does that Groan, that piercing Groan arise?

My tender Phillis, why dost thou so mourn?
Why fly thy Friend?—return, O quick return:
My Pray'rs unheard, Death tore thee far away,
But dost thou here that cruel Part still play?
Lo! I have follow'd to the Scene where grows
Eternal Care, and Trouble ever flows:
Art thou so sad? with Sorrow equal deep,
With thee I'll mourn, with thee I'll ever weep:
In Pleasure Friends for few swift passing Years,
Now we long Time may be the Friends of Tears.
But ah! thou fly'st, and does this Death then prove,
The cruel Bound of all our former Love?
Sad I pursu'd my melancholy Road,
But had not farther many Paces trod,
When I beheld a Shade upon the Scene,
Which to my Eyes wore a familiar Mien;
It was Sir Charles, whom gallant, gay, and young,
We've seen so often sweep the Park along;
So often seen, to all superiour shine,
In dazzling Manner, and in Air divine;
Ah! now no more the charming Youth to please,
With handsome Grace and admirable Ease;
A desp'rate Anguish on his Face was seen,
And Fear and Terrour discompos'd his Mien;
Walking in Haste, he often look'd behind,
As fearing Ills by following Foes design'd.

I spoke,

I spoke, but not my plaintive Words he heard,
With one unseen, conversing he appear'd;
" O why, cry'd he, thus ever me pursue,
" And bring my former Falsity to view ?
" What, can no Tears wash the foul Spot away ?
" Nor Sighs unceasing gain one blissful Day ?
" Alas ! I thought that airy Vows of Love,
" Were ne'er regarded by omniscient Joye."
He past, for me unable to pursue,
The gloomy Path, and farther urge my View,
On that sad Spot, ne'er blest with Beams of Morn,
I trembling stood, by various Passions torn ;
But woful Objects still around appear'd,
Still nought but Groans and mournful Sounds were heard ;
Then said I sighing to the former Ghost,
And are there none on all this horrid Coast ;
None whom the Sweets of charming Blifs employ,
None who e'er know the dear Delight of Joy ?
Yes, said the Shade, there on the right Hand yields,
Each Blifs Elysium in its rapt'rous Fields ;
Where live the virtuous in enchanting Bow'rs,
And heav'nly Pleasure charms the flowing Hours.
'Tis here the Confines of Tartarus lie,
And here they rove with Crimes of fainter Dye :
But to the left where hangs yon gloomy Cloud,
Where stands yon wretched, ever mourning Crowd,

There

There in those sad, those sorrowful Abodes,
Live they who've scorn'd the solemn Voice of God's.
Sad is their Lot, unspeakable their Pain,
They far most curs'd of all this piteous Train,

Ah! at those Words, my hapless Fate unkind,
Rush'd like a Torrent on my sinking Mind;
I shriek'd, I wak'd to Day's returning Beam,
A Dream it was—but Anna! such a Dream,

END OF CANTO THE SEVENTH.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

AS one condemn'd by Fortune's cruel Cast,
To some lone Island 'mid the wat'ry Waste,
Distant, far distant, from the Lands where rise
His fond Desires, and all his Pleasure lies;
At parting seeing ev'ry dear Delight,
Pass by Degrees from his lamenting Sight;
'Till nought remains unto his mournful Eyes,
But the wide, dreadful, fathomless Abyss,
Stands struck with Sorrow at the changing Scene,
So the fair Priestess with dejected Mien,
Beholds each View of former Joy depart,
'Till one full Horrour seizes all her Heart.
Nor Anna's Friendship can the Grief controul,
Nor dash the Load of Trouble from her Soul;
A thousand Terroures her sad Breast alarm,
Of long Misfortune, or intended Harm;
Nor knows she upon which to rest her Fear,
Nor yet alas! the baneful Fate how near.

So some poor Trav'ler stopp'd by Night's dark Shade,
As tir'd, he journeys 'long the lonesome Glade ;
When not a Star upon the Sky is seen,
But dreadful Tempests dim the heav'nly Scene,
And lurking Robbers even worse than they,
Or preying Beasts endanger all the Way,
Stares round aghast, indulging various Fears,
Trembling at ev'ry diff'rent Noise he hears ;
He stops, and knows not if to stay or go,
Or from what Side may spring the threat'ning Foe ;
With such deep Apprehension in her Look,
Thus to her kindest Friend Amanda spoke.

Ere, my dear Anna, one short Year is flown,
Ere one Day's Anguish to our Bosom known ;
Well may each Hour, successive Sighs arise,
And briny Torrents issue from our Eyes :
For what are we in this terrestrial State,
What my Friends are we, but the Sport of Fate ?
Vainly we strive to pass the painful Bound,
And gain the Frontier, where some Bliss is found ;
Some Bliss unspotted by corroding Tears,
By long Suspence, and unremitting Fears :
These rude Companions ruin Pleasure's Sway,
And point at Evils for the future Day ;

Yet

Yet what can we but the hard Fate deplore,
We see the present, and we see no more.
But some there are, who blest with Eyes more pure,
Can look beyond this Circuit so obscure,
Of Days on Days, and Nights on Nights that rise,
And tell the wretched what Misfortune lies,
In coming Years that have not seen the Morn,
Stealing the Knowledge of an Age unborn.
Me, wretched me, some woful Fate attends,
Some unknown Sorrow o'er my Head impends;
Shall I then sit all melancholy here,
Toft on a Sea of agonizing Fear?
No, rather let me seek who may disclose,
My future Doom, and tell the threat'ning Woes;
Lo! even they on stormy Billows toft,
Distant, far distant from a friendly Coast;
Have to dispense a little Solace giv'n,
Some certain Signs upon the Face of Heav'n;
By which they know thro' what dark Paths they steer,
And all the vexing Toils and Perils near,
Ah! who to me my destin'd Path shall show,
And tell the Sorrows I am doom'd to know?
But my dear Friend, if we may credit Fame,
Not far from hence there lives a skilful Dame,
Who can by Magic see thro' mortal Doom,
And each Event foretell of Days to come:

O

To

To her, my Anna, instantly I'll go,
 To her relate the Cause of all this Wo;
 Some little Comfort p'rhaps she may convey,
 And tell the Troubles of the future Day.

O blind Credulity, to think the Pow'r,
 Of human Thought can reach the future Hour;
 Can tell what Beaus, Balls, Billets shall conspire,
 To make Life charm you, or to make it tire:
 Fancy you 'tis to cunning Williams giv'n,
 To Breslaw's School, to know the Will of Heav'n?
 Ah! each Art try'd, still ere the Date arrive,
 In vain to know your future Doom ye strive.

But now the Chariot, the Design declar'd,
 Advances quick, in splendid Style prepar'd;
 The Fair it enters, with an anxious Bound,
 And the proud Steeds sweep 'long the shaking Ground;
 Swift as the Winds when o'er wide Plains they roar,
 'Till bath'd in Sweat, they pant at the fought Door:
 Amanda trembling, view'd the Dame's Abode,
 And trembling more the awful Threshold trod;
 Then with a mournful Attitude and Face,
 She open'd all the Horrors of her Case;
 On which the Dame her magic Pow'rs ador'd,
 And all Futurity's vast Maze explor'd;

In

In fix'd Solemnity at length she fate,
And thus declar'd the great Design of Fate.

Though black Chagrin the present Day devour,
No Star malignant curs'd your natal Hour;
Your Life, a prosp'rous Course of happy Days,
Endow'd with Pleasure, and beset with Praise;
But fair, or not fair, the same Ills attend,
And prais'd, or not prais'd, equal is the End:
The well mix'd Draughts your utmost Arts defy,
For none can put the odious Dregs quite by;
Fate thunders o'er you from her Heights above,
As thro' the pleasurable Paths ye move;
Majestic seated 'mid yon Clouds on high,
She smiles to see the mighty Ruin lie;
She smiles to see you your sad Lots deplore,
Tho' Worlds obey you, and tho' Crowds adore;
And where's the Heart no gnawing Cares decay?
Or who has trodden an unthorny Way?
To whom are Gifts, like York's fair Dutchess' giv'n,
The Flow'r of Circles, and the Pride of Heav'n?
What envy'd Blessing shines not in her Dow'r,
Endow'd alike with Beauty, Wit and Pow'r?
Both young and old her Fame concurring raise,
The Wits revere her, and the Poets praise;

Surrounding Kingdoms echo with her Charms,
And a great Prince is giv'n to her Arms;
One Evil yet o'ercasts the splendid Day,
Torn from her Friends, her best-lov'd Friends away.
To nourish Strangers by her gen'rous Hand,
To feed the Hungry in a foreign Land;
See her the Task, the pious Task resign,
Of watching o'er a Parent's mourn'd Decline;
No Blessing granted by his dying Breath,
No Look exchang'd in the dark Hour of Death!
This clouds the Triumph of distinguish'd Sway,
Torn from her Friends, her long-lov'd Friends, away.
Or who e'er charm'd like Devon the divine,
The matchless Pride of Cavendish' fam'd Line?
Born not to be in any Land excell'd,
What Scenes of Glory have her Eyes beheld?
Not half contented with a common Fire,
Faintly to praise, and coolly to admire;
Her Thousands rev'rence, her ten Thousands blefs,
The Poor adore her, and the Rich carefs;
As something that in this late Age appears,
Unequall'd 'mid six Thousand former Years:
Yet she altho' so dazzling she e'er shone
Has not a Life with Care unfully'd known,
One fatal Loss those beauteous Charms deplore,
An Orb of Glory that shall shine no more.

You

You too of Honours have enjoy'd your Share,
Few half so splendid, fewer half so fair;
You London 'mid its brightest Nymphs has known,
And in its brightest Circles have you shone;
Yet you're expos'd, unto the dark'ning Day,
Like all beside, whatever their Display.
But would you the Dream's Explanation hear?
Thus I interpret that strange Cause of Fear;
The first fair Vision which to you was shewn,
Denotes some certain Messenger to come;
Who quickly shall occasion you to go,
To Scenes far distant from the Town's gay Show;
Where lonely Woods the desert Path adorn,
Slow murm'ring Brooks, and Valleys strangely 'lorn:
This is the Meaning of the Journey made,
In solemn Mood, thro' the tartarian Shade,
The Friend which there thou bid in vain return,
Is one whose Death you speedily must mourn:
From which Calamity such Grief shall rise,
As quite to dim the Lustre of your Eyes:
This prov'd the Beau who pass'd unheeding by,
Such is the Fate of your Futurity;
And undistinguish'd all to Fate must yield.
She said, the lovely Auditor scarce held,
The crystal Drops which fall in briny Tears;
Her palid Face express'd ten Thousand Fears.

A sickly

A sickly Hue all o'er it quickly stole,
And heaving Sighs bespoke a bursting Soul:
Scarce could her Feet the gilded Car regain,
Such dread Forebodings thro' her Bosom ran;
In vain she thought of Pray'rs sent up to Heav'n,
Of Wretches succour'd, and Donations giv'n:
Now past Prefages rush'd upon her Mind,
The China Vase without a Cause reclin'd;
The Midnight Wax Light burning frightful Blue,
And plaintive Voices bidding her adieu!

As some poor Youth, who in his Mistress' Arms,
While feasting on the Treasures of her Charms;
Has sudden heard the Summons unto War,
Which soon will urge him thro' rough Troubles far;
Sits silent thinking ere the parting Day,
On coming Troubles, with a fore Dismay:
So fate Amanda in like serious Mood,
And the dream'd Journey with deep Thought pursu'd:
Still the hard Fate she ponder'd o'er and o'er,
When Lady Gay drove thund'ring to the Door:
The Lady Gay for quick Decision fam'd,
Heard half the Dream, and hastily exclaim'd:
“ I swear, my Lady, on my solemn Word,
“ Beside ten Times I've heard it from my Lord;

“ Dreams

“ Dreams are mere Vapours of a restless Night,
“ Says Captain D. they're only nightly Spite,
“ Which in Sleep having no one else to tease,
“ Throws all its Venom on our own dear Ease.
“ That they mean nothing is beyond a Doubt,
“ But, Lord, what say you of the Dutchess' Route?
“ O! at that Route the whole, whole World will glow,
“ And ev'ry Splendour that the Town can show;
“ What Beau of Spirit, and what Belle of Grace,
“ Shall not have in the countless Throng a Place?”

The Peerefs thus of Routes, and Dress, and Show,
Amanda hears, her Spirits instant glow;
Again her Cheeks resume their roseate Hue,
Again her Eyes look sparkling to the View,
Again her Smiles appear, her Words rise gay,
And ghostly Dreams pass from her Mind away.

For lo, delightful to the Sight and Taste,
Now stands preparing Evening's Repast;
The painted Board exhibits the Design,
And on it's Surface, various Vessels shine;
Transparent Cups which China's Lands supply,
With Silver Vases plac'd in Order by:
Here rise the sparkling Sweets of Western Isles,
There Cream delicious native Product smiles;

Now

Now copious from the polish'd Fountains pour,
The smoaking Streams in a deep tinctur'd Show'r,
Soon all the Room with spreading Fragrance fill,
And into Cups the pleasing Draughts distil.

Tea, favourite Liquor of the Gay and Fair,
Which whets the Wit, and elevates the Air;
Still rais'd the Priestess' Spirit as she sate,
And made her laugh at Visions and at Fate;
Gaily her Hand unto the Cup she spread,
Her Hand the Cup unto her Lips convey'd;
Again, again she sipp'd the luke-warm Stream,
She sipp'd 'till nothing but the Grounds were seen;
The Dish then whirl'd in airy Circles round,
'Till o'er the Concave flew the magic Ground;
Upon the Board then plac'd the Margin even,
The turning Convex pointing up to Heaven;
This having done with ceremonious Face,
She said to Anna with a laughing Grace.

Beasts, Insects, Birds, and other trifling Signs,
Have oft to Mortals shown Fate's great Designs:
Curious to know my future Destiny,
Lo, I read Fortune in the Grounds of Tea.

And

And now again her Fingers she applies,
The Cup's deep Concave turning to the Skies;
'Till all the scatter'd Dregs expos'd to view,
Solicited the prying Glance she threw;
'Twas then struck sudden on her shrinking Eye,
A dreadful Sight, her wretched Destiny;
Nor Sights more dreadful Mirrors clear display,
When curst Small-Pox has snatch'd each Charm away;
Nor Silks nor Sattins, tho' upon their Dye,
O'eturn'd the Dishes of vile Coffee lie;
For as her Eyes unto the Cup she rear'd,
The fatal Loss of Faro's Bank appear'd;
Dishonour, Fears, and Wretchedness hung round,
In Grounds of Tea was such Appearance found.
Quick from her palsy'd Hand the China falls,
A piercing Shriek sounds thro' the echoing Walls;
She starts, she runs, the Matter to explore,
But ah! she finds the fatal Bank no more;
Then louder Cries and shriller Shrieks arise,
And fuller Torrents trickle from her Eyes.
O had my Charms, she cry'd, on this sad Day,
Glided a Corpse along the solemn Way,
O'ercaft like Phœbus ere he gains his Noon,
Or cropt like Roses in their early Bloom;
Had hated Age so soon come to devour,
Each brilliant Part, and each bewitching Pow'r;

P

Better,

Better, far better, had been e'en that Doom,
Than the sad Lot which now must surely come :
What tho' I all my last Night's Dreams avow,
And tell my Triumph to the list'ning Row,
Will wicked Wits believe my solemn Word ?
Will envious Belles a kind Assent afford ?
Ah, no, they'll joyful swell my dire Disgrace,
And do their utmost to pervert my Case :
While I neglected, into Exile fly,
'Mid odious Woods, and croaking Rooks to die ;
To wander 'long the winding Stream forlorn,
And hear the Ravens mock me as I mourn :
There press'd by Wo, by sad Remembrance torn,
Each Day I'll rise before the Hour of Morn ;
To London's Towers I'll turn my weeping Eyes,
And moan the Spot where my lost Honour lies :
Like some poor Mother who her Son deplores,
Stranded by Shipwreck 'gainst the rocky Shores ;
Or sunk by Storms in Centre of the Main,
Doom'd ne'er to glad her longing Eyes again ;
When others sleep, to ev'ry Comfort lost,
She wakes, she gazes, tow'rds the cruel Coast,
She beats her Breast in agonizing Pain,
Calls on her Child, and curses the fell Main.
So while big Tears down these pale Features fall,
On thee, my dearest Honour, will I call ;

For

For thee I'll grieve, slow pacing the rude Way,
Thee left to Foes, to bitter Foes a Prey:
Then when against thee all their Malice bend,
Who shall thy Fame, thy injur'd Fame defend?
Ah, Friends to all, but hapless me are giv'n,
E'en Afric's Slaves have Wilberforce and Heav'n.

So speaks the Fair, her Tears impetuous flow,
When Anna thus to check the gushing Wo.

But what avails it Floods of Tears to pour,
And swell by Thought the Sorrows of the Hour?
Tears never wash the Sting of Pain away,
Nor can they bear us from the fatal Day:
But a short Triumph to our Charms is giv'n,
The Ball of Fortune and the Sport of Heav'n;
Small is the Pride of the undarken'd Ray,
Yet now oft lessen'd ere the closing Day;
Then the Show sickens, then the Glory ends,
And then Retirement is the best of Friends.
See the most fair, most honour'd and most fam'd,
Fly willing Exiles to some peaceful Land,
Tir'd of this giddy Round, this constant Strife,
Then find Retreat the sweetest Joy of Life;
Then why defer what crowns the whole Repast,
And leave the best Part to the very last?

When Routes fatigue us, and when Tumults tire,
What aching Heart but wishes to retire?
We call Repose the Heav'n descended Boon,
Charm'd with the Moments we can call our own;
But here in vain the softer Joys we prize,
One Hurry jades us, and one Toil destroys;
Yet shall we still pursue the painful Part,
And led by Fashion, quite forget the Heart?
Shall we still Chains for airy Nobles wreath,
And never cease, 'till fairly stopp'd by Death?
Ne'er call the Ev'ning fine, the Morning clear,
But where the Sons of mighty Kings are near?
When we so often to our Cost have prov'd
Such empty Scenes, unworthy to be lov'd?
Long, long enough has Vanity held Sway,
Then let us now another Voice obey;
For now, in turn, neglected Friendship calls,
Behold she beckons to our ancient Walls,
The soft Sensations of Affection start,
Scenes long forsaken, play around the Heart:
Come, let us then the long-ow'd Tribute pay,
And Nature's Impulse at the last obey:
Then we again shall wander thro' the Grove,
Shall hear the Sounds of Innocence and Love;
Breathe healthful Fragrance on the flow'ry Hill,
And laugh and sing, and walk and talk at Will.

O! at

O! at the Thought new Ardour fires my Heart,
I feel each lurking Vanity depart;
I seem to view the Joy inspiring Field,
To see the Increase which my Gardens yield;
Charm'd with the Sight I wander o'er the Vale,
Their well known Friend the infant Peasants hail;
At one kind Look forget their Loss to mourn,
And dance around me, glad at my Return.
Dear happy Scenes, so honour'd and so lov'd,
How oft have you the Sigh of Absence mov'd!
As some poor Maiden banish'd from her Love,
Leaves her best Friends, thro' lonely Paths to rove,
Then slowly wanders pensive all the Way,
To think upon her fav'rite, far away;
So have I oft forsook the crowded Room,
Where gay and young show'd their assembled Bloom,
To sit alone, and call to Mind my Hill,
And there in Fancy wander out my Fill.
The Ev'ning there in pure Delights shall flow,
And Morning Sun on tranquil Spirits glow;
Complacent Peace elate the swelling Joy,
Pleasures that last, and Charms that never die.

So Anna said, nor were her Words in vain,
The Flow of Tears, the Priestess's Eyes restrain;

The

The Storm of Sorrow passes from her Brow,
And Life's red Tides far less impetuous flow.
She owns the all-directing Hand of Heav'n,
And takes resign'd the painful Doom that's giv'n;
That Doom to pass the Joys of Faro o'er,
And hope to see the ravish'd Bank no more:
Thro' Spite of this fam'd Warning sent to view,
Should any dare still Faro to pursue;
The ravish'd Bank may p'rhaps attract the Eye,
Chang'd to a Comet 'mid the Hosts on high,
Threat'ning to pour the Wrath of heav'nly Pow'rs,
And wrap in Flames the bold offending Tow'rs.

THE END.